THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

What Use Are Economists?	*Sir Josiah Stamp*
No Substitute for Colonies!	*Fritz Nonnenbruch*
Mobilizing the Microbes	*H. W.*
The Monroe Doctrine of Injustice	*Sakutaro Tachi*
In Defense of Gossip	*W. H. Auden*
Stage Lenins	*Nadezhda Krupskaya*
England's Old Master	*Clive Bell*
Storm Trooper Tempel (A Story)	*Jean Rives*

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THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for February, 1938

THE WORLD OVER 471
WHAT USE ARE ECONOMISTS? ..... *Sir Josiah Stamp* 478
BERLIN WATCH-TOWER
I. A GERMAN VIEW OF BRITAIN ..... *Giselher Wirsing* 482
II. NO SUBSTITUTE FOR COLONIES! ..... *Fritz Nonnenbruch* 488
INSIDE THE FOREIGN OFFICE 491
WARFARE OF TOMORROW
I. MOBILIZING THE MICROBES ..... *H. W.* 495
II. THE CULT OF THE DEFENSIVE ..... *Victor Wallace Germains* 498
STORM TROOPER TEMPEL (A Story) ..... *Jean Rives* 503
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
EDITOR OF 'THE THUNDERER' 508
PAUL EMILE JANSON ..... *F.* 509
A NEW MERCHANT OF DEATH ..... *S. Vaugh* 511
SCHACHT'S SUCCESSOR 513
THE MONROE DOCTRINE OF INJUSTICE ..... *Sakutaro Tachi* 515
SIDELIGHTS ON CHINA
I. RIVER OF DESTINY ..... *Campbell Dixon* 522
II. RELATIONS TO THE RESCUE ..... *Hubert Freyn* 525
III. CHINA'S UNKNOWN RULERS ..... *David Yeo* 527
ADIEU AU CAFÉ INTIME 529
NOTES AND COMMENTS 532
IN DEFENSE OF GOSSIP ..... *W. H. Auden* 534
LETTERS AND THE ARTS
STAGE LENINS ..... *Nadezhda Krupskaya* 539
LITERARY PRIZES IN FRANCE ..... *Marcel Martinet* 540
ENGLAND'S OLD MASTER ..... *Clive Bell* 542
BOOKS ABROAD 543
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 550
WORLD TRADE 555
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS 557
INDEX i

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THE GUIDE POST

A PERUSAL of the index at the end of this issue will convey some idea of how widely the editors search for important and interesting foreign articles. During the past year, for example, we have translated or reprinted articles from 103 different foreign magazines and newspapers, and 65 additional sources have been used in preparing the 'World Over,' 'Notes and Comments,' and the department of 'Books Abroad.' Our recapitulation shows that English sources lead with a total of 53; the German sources are next with 42, followed by the French with 24, the Japanese with 14; then come the Chinese, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Indian, Polish, Swedish, and so on. The comprehensiveness of this coverage of the foreign press is a record even for the THE LIVING AGE, which will have been at the job ninety-four years in May.

OUR leading article in this issue, 'What Use Are Economists?' concerns a question which has puzzled the average citizen ever since October, 1929. We believe that Sir Josiah Stamp's frank and informal answer will help our readers to understand the economist's place in society. The author is one of England's best-known experts, and while he has written many books, including a notable study of *Taxation During the War*, his activities have been practical as well as academic. He was President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1936; he is now Chairman of the London School of Economics, a Director of the Bank of England and a member of the British Economic Advisory Council, a non-partisan body for which the United States ought to have a counterpart. [p. 478]

WHETHER justly or not, the democracies have come to regard Germany as the Power most dangerous to the peace of Europe. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to know what are Germany's hopes and fears. So we were delighted to find and translate for this issue two articles on her outlook which are intelligent statements of her interests instead of the intransigent paraphrases of *Mein Kampf* that are so common in the Nazi press and on the Nazi platform. Both articles are authoritative. Giselher Wirsing, in the first article, gives 'A German View of Britain.' [p. 482] Fritz Nonnenbruch, Financial Editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, in which Herr Hitler is said to have an interest, declares that Germany cannot be bought off in the second article, 'No Substitute for Colonies!' [p. 488] In our opinion, these two articles are among the most significant expressions of National Socialist opinion to reach this country in recent years.

INTERESTING facts about the organization and routine at No. 9 Downing Street are provided by a Swiss journalist in the article, 'Inside the Foreign Office.' [p. 491]

THE first of the two articles grouped under the title 'Warfare of Tomorrow' deals with the possibility of using disease germs against enemy populations in wartime. The writer in *Deutsche Wehr*, semi-official organ of the Reichswehr, from which we translated 'Mobilizing the Microbes,' sums up the results of German and Italian experiments with the bacterial weapon. [p. 495] In the second military article, Victor Wallace Germains attacks 'The Cult of the Defensive'—the theory that modern arms confer an advantage upon the defense. [p. 498]

UPON returning from a year's stay in Ger-

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

SINCE ABANDONING THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS as an important factor in maintaining peace in Europe, Great Britain has reverted to her traditional policy of neutrality. Without committing her support to either of two rival coalitions—in the present instance, the Berlin-Rome Axis and the Franco-Czechoslovak-Soviet Alliance—she cultivates first one, and then the other, in an effort to keep them at peace by concealing her ultimate choice. Many historians believe that this policy led directly to her tragic error in July, 1914, of allowing Germany to calculate upon her remaining neutral when Belgium was invaded. As events are now developing, Britain seems in a fair way to repeat that frightful mistake, with Czechoslovakia taking Belgium's place. Historians of the future may declare that 'if Great Britain had announced her determination to join France in defending Czechoslovakia, then war would probably have been averted.'

In saying that Great Britain has reverted to her traditional policy, however, we must make a qualification, namely, that the Cabinet is so divided about the proper conduct of foreign affairs that it cannot perform the function of the 'honest broker.' The peril in this situation lies in the possibility that the activity of an influential pro-German group in, and close to, the Cabinet may lead Chancellor Hitler to believe that Britain will not fight to prevent Germany's expansion in Central Europe. The leading spirits of this group, which wants to buy off Germany at any price, including the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Danzig,

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the Polish Corridor, colonies and loans, are Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Lothian, Lord Londonderry, Major John Jacob Astor, who is a part owner of the *Times*, Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, and the Press Barons, Lords Rothermere and Camrose. This clique, which its critics often call 'the Cliveden Foreign Office,' after Viscount Astor's country place, discounts both the probability that Great Britain will ultimately be drawn into any Central European conflict, and the danger to Europe which is inherent in the Pan-German objectives of National Socialism, a danger which has been admirably described by the *République*, French Radical Socialist organ:—

> If Germany has to be satisfied with her population of 67 millions, then Europe will remain European. But if the Reich should come to embrace 80 or 90 millions, then the Continent has every chance of becoming German.

Behind the Cliveden attitude, of course, lie the fear of Russia and Communism, and the hope that if Chancellor Hitler is given a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe he may be less insistent upon the restoration of Germany's old colonies.

IMPORTANT ELECTIONS are to be held during the next few months in the following countries: in Bulgaria, where Parliamentary government is to be resumed; in Colombia, where the only really democratic government in South America is in great danger; in Northern Ireland, where it is fully expected that separation from Dublin will be confirmed; in Rumania, where a choice must be made between Fascism and democracy; and in South Africa, where Republicanism and the desire of Dutch South Africa for complete control over the native Protectorates are momentous issues.

The situation in South Africa, especially, deserves notice, because of the great anxiety which exists in London over the strength of the Republican movement. British concern that the natives shall receive fair play is almost as great.

Among the Afrikanders, or South Africans of Dutch extraction, can be found some of the most reactionary social views in the whole world; compared with them, the discrimination against the Negro and the treatment of tenant-farmers in the Southern States seem almost civilized. As the result of recent legislation in the Union of South Africa, for example, a native cannot vote, own land, or follow a skilled trade. He has been made subject to scores of new criminal offenses, 'which are criminal offenses when committed by a native but not criminal offenses when committed by a white man.' He may, upon the order of an official, be forced to live in a native concentration camp and then to accept low paid work on the farms. A memorandum presented by five leading natives to the Native Labor Shortage Commission revealed that contracts

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between farmers and native tenants were indefinite and that tenant-laborers, when paid at all, 'got from 2 shillings to 10 shillings a month, but incurred so much debt to the farmer that they were unable to wipe it off.'

Some light was thrown on the social attitudes of the 'unreconstructed' South African Dutch farmer by a letter lately published in the Johannesburg *Star*, and signed 'Ex-Boer,' from which we quote:—

> In the present acute want of labor, may I be allowed to suggest a remedy—namely, to revert to the system of our forefathers. Slavery—pure and simple. In suggesting this I do not wish to infer that I have not the welfare of the natives at heart. On the contrary that feeling is uppermost in my mind. My mother's father was an owner of quite a few slaves, and from what I could gather from her as to their treatment, they were comparatively better off than the majority of the natives are today. They were looked upon as an asset, and a valuable one. Not alone as laborers, but *they could at any time be turned into cash.* (The italics are ours. THE EDITORS.) That being so, the owners took good care of them, their health being of much account. Their owners were very careful not to have them shot, by accident, or otherwise. Being chattels of much value, their progeny, which, of course, belonged to the owner, was carefully tended.
>
> Why all this trouble? Every farmer should be dealt out with a certain number of natives, as his very own property—the Government farmers to have a double quota. This will solve all our troubles, and the native will be better off than at present.

This is the extreme view, of course, but the trend of native legislation in the Union of South Africa indicates that Dutch South Africa is convinced of its right to exploit the native without restriction. The British Government can now do nothing in behalf of the natives in the Union; but it has thus far steadfastly refused to surrender the native Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland to the Afrikander's greed for land and slave-labor. Will the British stick to their enlightened principles in the present crisis? Or will they give up the Protectorates under General Hertzog's pressure, in the hope of keeping the Union within the Empire?

IN THE LATEST EDITION of the *Armaments Year Book*, published by the League of Nations, Germany's expenditure on armaments for 1936–37 is represented by a row of dots. The Nazi leaders quite rightly feel that the moral effect upon the average German family would not be 'wholesome' if it should learn that it sacrifices necessities and luxuries to the value of approximately $385 a year for cannon, tanks, planes, etc. While the German Government does not publish the cost of its arms program, three detailed investigations conducted separately by Mr. Winston Churchill, the *Banker* of London and the London *Daily Herald* all arrived at a figure of about $5,000,000,000 a year. This sum repre-

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sents almost one-third of the world's arms and powder bill for the year; in comparison with it the bill of the United States, amounting to $1,000,000,000 ($39 a family against $385), seems small. That Germany is the pace-setter in the arms race appears from the fact that in 1932, before the Nazis began rearming, Soviet Russia spent $280,000,000 on armaments; this year Russia is spending $3,500,000,000 to keep pace.

THE IMAGINARY LINE separating Northern Ireland from the new State of Eire, which the Irish Free State became on December 29th, crosses open fields, rivers and the tidal waters of Lough Swilly and Carlingford Lough. It is, therefore, hard to patrol, and since different scales of tariffs are in effect north and south of the frontier, smuggling is rampant in both directions. Profits are large, punishment when caught is by no means severe and the population of the border districts is tolerant. The business, if it may be called such, is conducted very much along the lines of the large-scale liquor rackets in the United States during Prohibition, with mysterious 'big shots,' middlemen, 'fixers,' spies, fences corresponding to speakeasies, and a small army of runners. There have even been instances of 'hi-jacking,' where the captors dressed themselves as members of the Customs Patrol.

Both Great Britain and Eire have protectionist tariffs, but they protect different articles of trade; as a result, those goods on which Dublin imposes a high duty, such as clothing, sugar, flour, hardware and automobiles, flow southward across the frontier. Razor-blades should be added to this list because a 'blizzard' of smuggled blades recently struck Dublin. Northward flow goods on which Dublin's duty is lower than the British, such as artificial silk, cameras, cigarette-lighters, etc. As long as Northern and Southern Ireland remain separate, and as long as their duties vary so greatly on many articles, the problem is likely to persist, although Mr. de Valera no doubt discussed it with the British on his recent trip to London.

AMONG THE SUBJECTS DISCUSSED by French Foreign Minister Delbos on his visit to Warsaw was Poland's attitude toward the colonial question. According to dispatches in the French and Polish press, Poland has no territorial ambitions at present, but feels that she is entitled to participate in any international colonial or raw materials conference, if either or both should be held. The Polish viewpoint was expressed in an editorial which appeared in the *Express Poranny:*—

> We must have direct access to raw materials which we cannot buy either for gold or exchange because other nations do not buy our raw materials. We must have outlets for overseas emigration because the population increases much faster than the possibilities of its employment. France apparently realized the gravity

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of the emigration problem for Poland, an important element of which is the question of Jewish emigration. The French Foreign Minister—as stated in the semi-official French communiqué—could only confirm the equity of Poland's attitude. This, in itself, is an important political event.

The reference to Jewish emigration concerns the favorable report made by a Polish mission on its return from Madagascar and the apparent willingness of the French Government to permit a considerable number of Polish Jews (reported elsewhere to be 150,000) to settle in that island provided the expenses connected therewith are borne by wealthy Jews abroad.

The equity of Poland's claim for consideration in the event of a redistribution of colonies and raw materials must be admitted. But it is power, such as Germany possesses, rather than equity, which is likely to prevail in these matters. We suspect that the French regard it as good tactics to encourage Poland to press her case in an effort to weaken that of Germany by the well-known device of 'grouping.'

NAZI POT AND SOVIET KETTLE continue to bore the world by abusing each other in their propaganda. But business is business, and in their economic relations the ideological feud is forgotten. Year after year Communist Russia buys more goods from Germany than from any other country and provides Herr Hitler with a large trade balance which is paid off in gold. Meanwhile, British Trade Unionists and Socialists, and anti-Fascists everywhere, have been boycotting German goods in order to demonstrate the sincerity of their opposition to Nazi tyranny. Another paradox can be found in the fact that while Soviet spokesmen fulminate against capitalism, the Soviet Government trading departments conduct their business abroad according to time-honored capitalist principles. Their policy was explained in the November issue of the *Monthly Review* issued by the Soviet Trade Delegation in Great Britain:—

The U.S.S.R. has made use of three five-term advances—the German and Czechoslovakian—granted in April and June, 1935, and the British financial credit of July, 1936. The financial position of the country makes it possible for the U.S.S.R. to choose from among the advances offered those which it considers most acceptable, and only financial facilities on the best terms obtainable on the world money market are of interest to it.

A writer in *Labour*, organ of the British Trade Union Council, declares that nothing could be more capitalist than this attitude. The Soviet Government, he says:—

buys in the cheapest market, regardless of the conditions which make it possible for that market to be the cheapest. It seems impossible that a Workers' Government can be really sincere in its Communist principles when it takes advantage of

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the 'best terms' which Germany offers, disregarding entirely the fact that these terms are made available through the degradation of the German workers' standard of life, and, at the same time turns a blind eye to the terrible persecution of German Socialists and Communists.

THE ENTHUSIASM aroused in the U.S.S.R. by the Great Election is not being allowed to wane, but is, on the contrary, being diverted into other profitable channels. According to *Izvestia*, 'The election campaign is over. Our present problem is how to preserve the body of activists-agitators, to reinforce and to increase it.' This body is being used to carry out the election slogan, 'Stalin at the head of the masses,' by drawing active non-Party citizens into the Party. *Pravda* has been blasting the Communists for their excessive caution in approving new applications. This drive for new Party members may be attributed to the Government's anxiety about the third Five-Year Plan. After all, who are the new candidates but the best workers in the Soviet Union, the Stakhanovites, in whose power it lies to make the current Five-Year Plan a success?

ANTI-JAPANESE BOYCOTTS have thus far had little effect (See 'World Trade,' p. 556); although the Japanese are fearful that the agitation abroad may ultimately result in higher tariffs against Japanese goods. The boycott question is a complex one and we do not propose to discuss its pros and cons here. But since the most practicable and popular expression of disapproval of Japanese aggression against China takes the form of a boycott of silk hose, we should like to call attention to a study of the 'incidence' of the damage thus inflicted which has been made by Mr. George A. Urlaub, executive director of the Throwsters' Research Institute, and published in the *Women's Wear Daily*, of New York. Mr. Urlaub holds a brief, of course, since he represents the silk hosiery industry; nevertheless, the facts he produces deserve notice. He states that in a dozen pairs of silk hose retailing for $9 there is raw silk costing only $1.45, and that the difference of $7.55 represents the costs of other materials, labor, taxes, preparation of the raw silk, production and marketing. Of his industry as a whole, Mr. Urlaub writes:—

About 30 million pounds of raw silk worth about 50 million dollars produce about 37 million dozen pairs of silk hosiery having a retail value of about 330 million dollars, of which about 275 million dollars represent wages, taxes, other materials and earnings to American industry and its workers.

If boycott we must, why not limit our efforts to Japanese manufactured goods which do hurt American industry and American labor?

A BRITISH EXPERT, Air Commodore Charlton, whose excellent book on war in the air, *The Menace of the Clouds*, is reviewed in 'Books

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Abroad' (p. 543), believes that an American-Japanese war would probably result in a stalemate. He does, however, stress the importance to the United States of Attu, in the Aleutians, which he regards as being of greater strategic value than Guam. Commenting on this statement, the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* says:—

> It is fairly obvious that the United States is in a better position to damage Japan than is Japan to damage the United States, and this relative vulnerability to air attack is certainly not appreciated as fully as it ought to be, despite our periodical air defense exercises, our black-outs and our lectures.

There has been criticism in this country of our action in fortifying Attu, and of our policy of keeping almost our entire fleet in the Pacific and holding its maneuvers in the North Pacific. All these things have been regarded in some quarters as 'provocative.' The criticism may be fair, yet the United States Fleet with its huge aircraft carriers and the air base at Attu speak a language which the Japanese understand and respect. We believe that the United States will never attack Japan, and we hope that the time will never come when we must choose between abandoning the Pacific and fighting. But as long as Japan's course is charted by her militarists, and as long as Nippon regards herself as a nation of conquerors whose duty it is to 'chastise' those peoples who do not 'coöperate' with her, we should hold fast every strategic advantage we possess.

IF A REPORT from the Montreal correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* is correct, then Fascism on the European model has gained a foothold in Quebec and its leaders hope to win political power in that ultra-conservative Province. The group concerned calls itself the 'National Christian Social Party,' boasts a membership of more than 80,000 in the Province and 25,000 in Montreal alone. Of the latter, 2,500 are uniformed and armed and drill regularly. The Province is divided into districts, in each of which a nucleus of the subscribing members is uniformed. According to the writer, 'uniforms are on the German Nazi model, with brown shirts and breeches, swastika armbands, and circles and bars on the sleeves to denote ranks.' The avowed aim of the Party, in the words of its officials, is 'to assist in maintaining order,' and public meeting drill is intended to 'squelch hecklers.' Most of the Party's meetings, however, are held in secret. Its Führer is Adrien Arcand, a sharp-featured journalist of forty who is bitterly anti-Semitic. No attempt is made by the police or by Premier Duplessis's 'semi-Fascist Government to curb the Party's activities in any way.'

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A famous British economist answers a familiar jibe against his profession.

What Use *Are* Economists?

By Sir Josiah Stamp

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

DO ECONOMISTS do more harm than good? That such a question can be thought of and put at me point blank to force me to justify my cloth before all the world is an indication of the parlous state into which we have fallen. It arises from the common complaints about economists: first, that they disagree among themselves; second, that the same economist says one thing today and the opposite next year; and third, that the economist can never tell you what is going to happen, or if he does, it doesn't. The business man talks of him contemptuously as a theorist, and altogether it takes quite a lot of pluck today to acknowledge in company that one is an economist—the lowest form of animate nature, so to speak.

Yet no! There are crowds of people who proclaim loudly that they are economists—the journalists, engineers, politicians and cranks of all kinds, who have never had any discipline in economic thought in their lives, but excogitate, by the light of nature, what they beforehand wanted to think. That is part of the trouble. Before any man can call himself a chemist or engineer, or lawyer or doctor, he has to undergo a prolonged period of disciplined study under recognized exponents, and satisfy rigid tests, and we all refuse to admit him on our premises unless he has—although we may perhaps call him a 'gifted amateur.' But a man dubs *himself* economist, rubs shoulders with the trained economist on what seem to the public to be even terms, and the resultant chorus is certainly discordant.

You cannot expect a reliable body of doctrine from such a rabble, half of whom think only what they have made up their minds to think. Economics is a mode of thought, rather than a body of unalterable doctrine. The genuine student who has been through a real headache on the principle or theory of value can tell in five minutes whether another talker has ever been through the mill or not.

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Now in every science there is a generally accepted body of knowledge covering most of the field, but on the fringe the greatest differences exist—it is certainly so in physics, where inanimate nature is under the eyes and fingers and can be controlled for experiment. Doctors proverbially differ, dealing with a single but complex animate body. Lawyers are the worst of all, for all they have got to do is the simple task of taking all the given facts, duly proved by an elaborate process and lying all in the *past*, and then applying a set of rules, self-made, grammatically determining the result—a result which is never put to the test of facts! And yet they differ like fun. Judgment for A in the first Court, reversed by two judges to one in favor of B in the Appeal Court, reversed by three judges to two for A in the Highest Court! Now the economist has a far more difficult job. Many of his facts lie in the *future*, the past ones unprovable, and the future hidden in masses of people affecting each other all over the world, in national policies and psychologies, subject to unknown harvests and a hundred contingencies, and yet you have the sauce to expect him to tell you exactly when to sell out your United Oils and buy Moravian Tea shares!

The business man has to act on some sort of principle, even if it is nearly guesswork, and it is all very well for him to sneer at the theorist. The business man just practices the theories of thirty years ago! I admit many economists reason too long in the abstract, without putting a tape-measure upon reality. But the real economist studies facts all the while, and groups them in principles and tendencies, and makes an ordered body of knowledge of them. He may be too cocksure, but more likely you take up his views, strip them of all their conditions and then triumphantly show them to be working out wrong. I know how seldom an economist is correctly quoted by a layman. The ordinary man hates anything but a simple statement, while economic life is complex and any simple statement in economics is always wrong.

II

Disagree amongst ourselves, do we? Well, over 90 per cent of the area of the subject we have close agreement by the majority, and over the remaining 10 per cent a healthy unrest. Where thought passes into action, the thought may be defeated by politics, by international complications. Do more harm than good? Well, if the passions of war-weary peoples at Versailles had allowed the economists to be heard on reparations and international debts, the statesmen would never have erected that monstrous edifice—that is as I see it—which took over twelve years of desperate recriminative international conferences, treaty-breaking and financial disaster, before the truth was reluctantly discovered by the people—truth which the economist had proclaimed all along. Think what a different world it would have been if we had had no occupation of the Ruhr and no collapse of the German mark!

The economist taught, in season and out, that reparations were limited by what the creditors would accept in goods and services in competition with their own manufacturers, and by what the debtors could export without upsetting the exchanges, and thus put

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the totals from the very beginning at figures only one-fifth to even one-tenth of what lawyers and politicians declared was just and possible. At each crisis the economist urged the reluctant nations a little nearer to the truth, but that early obstinacy among the politicians created a world situation which broke up the whole system of international debt and reparation payment, and what might have been possible with care and organization at the beginning became ultimately impossible.

The economist is generally right in his statement of tendencies, but the world is too complex for him to put a date on them, or gauge their degree. Thus some of us were prophesying an ultimate collapse in Wall Street as early as 1927, but in successive years we were laughed to scorn because it had not come. But it did, and much worse than any economist had foreseen.

Have you ever thought how ridiculous it would be if the economist really did foretell the actual date when interest rates would have to be changed, when an exchange rate would alter, or when the peak of price of rubber or of some other stock would be reached? Everyone who believed the forecast would want to anticipate the date, to buy or to sell, as the case might be, to avoid loss or to make a special profit, and so the date itself would be ruined. An economic forecast as a guide to individual conduct is a contradiction in terms; the more people believed it, the more likely it would be to be defeated! So the economist can only prophesy what people who are kept in ignorance of his prophecy are likely to do!

The economist will not make things easy for people—as the young lady said, 'Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral or fattening,'—so all the short cuts to prosperity are really at bottom uneconomic, and hence the unpopularity of the economist.

III

Do I urge that the economist has always been right, and his view ought always to prevail? Of course not—they certainly have spoken with a divided voice. Some said the Great War could not last very long because finance would be exhausted, but new means were found of mobilizing the nations' resources. Some said Norman Angell's *Great Illusion* was proved all wrong, because there was not the collapse he predicted. Certainly, he had not provided for the Government's coming behind the market and taking over all commercial bills. But as the years roll on, his central thesis becomes more and more clearly proved: that no one can make a profit nowadays out of war. Some economists advocated that Great Britain go back on the gold standard early in 1925—I was of the small minority who questioned its wisdom—and the swift nemesis that came in the failure of our coal exports, the consequent mining trouble, the General Strike and the coal stoppage showed how far-reaching it really was.

A few economists in the United States have been much too optimistic about the power of monetary management to raise prices and restore prosperity under all conditions, but the majority have warned and expounded in vain. Economists have been almost invariably right in their prognostications of the consequences of various

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stages in the tortuous progression of French finance. We want more economists of a better average quality—more money spent on economic research, and a better hearing for them when they pronounce views, and a veto on quacks.

Does the economist do more harm than good? What an absurd question. If you did not have him, you would have debased coinage, unwise banking, crazy credit, unsound public finance, trade crises all the time, tariffs worse even than today ruining the productive powers of the world under the guise of promoting the interests of little bits of it, attempts to make pint pots smaller, and the quarts to go into them larger—in fact, every generation would repeat every economic folly that short-sighted mercantile selfishness or blown-out cloudy idealism has committed through the ages.

Only the experience accumulated and expounded by the economist, and only the struggling effort to apply its lessons to new conditions, free from wishful thinking, can keep the world from making all the old mistakes. The business man or his government will put on a duty to protect a particular market, and succeed, but fail altogether to reckon with the effect on the export trade. Perhaps they might do some price-fixing of a commodity, and drive it out of production in the process; or raise a wage rate in an industry, and let it open to competition which kills it; or uphold an exchange rate which is depressed through the export of capital and foreign investment, and by so doing subsidize the investment; or enter a restriction scheme to maintain prices, which encourages the outsider to flood the market.

There is no such thing as a simple direct effect in economic life without numerous reactions and readjustments often more far-reaching and important than the direct effect. The economist's job is the unpopular one of warning you about them. The economist's training is the only one which teaches that you cannot act upon one factor in society without many reactions in unexpected quarters. He is the student of reactions. Of course, he often misses, and a miss is as good as a mile. Economists do not coördinate their views sufficiently before rushing into being public advisers. They need constant criticism and questioning to keep them from wandering away from the world of facts into abstractions. So go on asking the silly question: 'Do economists do more harm than good?' and goad them into indignant reply.

Hen and Egg

We know it to be untrue either that population begets prosperity or that prosperity begets population. Actually the opposite is true, though there is no reason why it should be.

—*Evening News*, London

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Two spokesmen for Germany explain her attitude toward Great Britain and toward the efforts of the 'have' Powers to beg the colonial question.

Berlin Watch-Tower

I. A German View of Britain

By Giselher Wirsing

Translated from the *Tat*, Jena National-Socialist Monthly

THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR followed so quickly upon the one in East Africa that there was no interval in which a new equilibrium in world politics could be found. A different Europe emerged from the Italo-Ethiopian war, but the Far Eastern struggle will permanently change the entire political world.

In both the Ethiopian and the Far Eastern clashes, the real recipient of the blows administered by rising Great Powers is Great Britain. Neither Italy nor Japan have actually trespassed upon British territory. Both, as seen through British eyes, have touched only upon the fringes—upon Britain's 'spheres of interest,' as one used to say before the War. But the passionate partiality of the English, first in favor of the Negus and then in favor of the Chinese, was climaxed in both cases by London mass meetings conducted by Archbishops. Here was clear proof of Great Britain's instinctive awareness that the outcome of such borderline wars can be decisive for the Empire.

The Spanish struggle also belongs in this category, though it was only for a limited time of major significance for Great Britain. The Spanish affair, as seen from a broader point of view, is just another warning that the day is not far off when the very existence of the vast British Empire will be endangered. There can be no doubt about this. During the last few years British prestige has suffered heavily, yet it is still great enough to enable her to continue to exercise the coalition-forming influence which has been the main element in her policy ever since the destruction of the Armada. Any speculation, therefore, to the effect that British *power* already shows an

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acute decline is bound to prove premature

What happened between September and November of last year with regard to China closely parallels the course of events relating to Ethiopia in the fall of 1935. The recent events appear to be more obscure than they were two years ago merely because they are taking place on a wider scale. In 1935 they began with Foreign Secretary Eden's visit to Mussolini in June—a visit which was bound to end in failure because Eden realized that Mussolini was already definitely committed to the Ethiopian War. British counter-measures then followed one another up to the climax of Sir Samuel Hoare's speech on September 11, 1935, when Great Britain expressed her willingness to back the entire League of Nations machinery.

At the beginning of October Italian troops crossed into Ethiopia. The flood of English propaganda rose higher and higher. Sanctions were enforced in the second half of November. The struggle to get Laval's support began. As somebody has said, France at that time used a thousand words to say 'yes.' The concentration of the British fleet in the Mediterranean followed, and it was the most gigantic demonstration of its kind in history. Yet the entire structure broke down overnight when it became clear that Great Britain was in no position to strike a decisive blow against Italian aggression in East Africa. Ethiopia's fate had been sealed even before the Italian Army set out from Dessye for Addis-Ababa.

Last fall, events in Spain seemed to dominate the picture. At the Nyon Conference British interest was entirely focused upon the Western Mediterranean. But as soon as France expressed a desire to occupy the Balearic Islands, Great Britain lost interest in the scheme for action in the Mediterranean. Meanwhile the Far Eastern situation had become very tense. It seemed far more urgent to erect a bulwark against Japan in China. The French demands immediately became only of secondary importance from the British point of view, and the place held by France during the Ethiopian conflict came to be occupied by the United States. Great Britain began to woo America.

II

The question of an Anglo-American trade agreement had been discussed at the Imperial Conference, but this was a difficult problem which could only be solved by compromising the Ottawa Agreements. The Conference adjourned without coming to a clear decision about the policy which the Empire should adopt toward the United States.

Nevertheless, an atmosphere was created in which efforts for a rapprochement became possible in the following months. At the same time, Great Britain had begun to negotiate with Japan, probably at the instance of Australia, and it was cautiously announced that a readjustment of the Anglo-Japanese interests would be seriously considered. These attempts corresponded, as we know today, to Eden's talks with Mussolini in June, 1935. For at the time these negotiations were to begin Japan had already determined to push forward in China.

During the first weeks of the Sino-Japanese hostilities, there was little

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anxiety in Great Britain. London did not know whether this was just another of the long series of 'incidents' in the Far East or whether it was a great new conquest. As soon as the latter became apparent, negotiations with America began, and finally had a result which was not anticipated even by British optimists. The British delegation was able suddenly to break into the embarrassing negotiations of the League of Nations Committee concerned with the Far Eastern crisis with a secret memorandum from President Roosevelt which seemed to announce a complete change in American foreign policy. The British, in submitting this memorandum behind closed doors, believed they had assurances that America would abandon the policy of isolation and intervene actively in the Far Eastern conflict in coöperation with Great Britain and the other signatories to the Washington Nine-Power Treaty.

It was due to this belief alone that the Geneva Committee recommended the calling of a Nine-Power Conference, and that Prime Minister Chamberlain, who had clearly expressed his aversion to useless conferences, personally favored this one. Such was the origin of the Brussels Conference.

Next came President Roosevelt's Chicago speech on October 5th, which served to confirm the ideas expressed in the memorandum which had been submitted in Geneva. The President's speech was unequivocal and strongly anti-Japanese. French public opinion, which had not reckoned with such a turn of American policy, was in a frenzy of enthusiasm. It already saw the fulfillment of the perpetual ideal of French foreign policy: a union of the three Western democracies. Edouard Herriot's dream of 1932 and 1933 seemed about to materialize.

While Paris still indulged in this fancy, London became noticeably laconic in the days after President Roosevelt's speech. The reaction had already set in. It can be compared to the similar development during the first days of December, 1935, when it became apparent that France was unwilling to fight side by side with Great Britain against Italy, thus making the concentration of the British fleet in the Mediterranean nothing more than a bluff.

At first it was only a small, informed circle around the British Prime Minister, then a larger group concerned with British foreign policy, which learned that the whole scheme to bring pressure to bear on Japan was ill-founded. Wittingly or unwittingly, President Roosevelt had greatly overestimated his influence. That part of Congress which was opposed to the abandonment of the policy of isolation was much stronger than the White House could fairly have expected. It soon developed, moreover, that a strong policy against Japan would be detrimental to the interests of big business and to the cotton interests in the South, where the fear prevailed that if cotton exports to Japan were endangered, there would be a catastrophe, as cotton prices were already very low. A few days after the Chicago speech, word came from Washington that under no circumstances would America do anything to put the President's words into action.

Great Britain's play was already spoiled, even before the Brussels Conference convened. It was like a bridge game in which the American partner,

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without holding adequate trump support, had encouraged Great Britain to overbid her hand. As a result, Messrs. Eden and Norman Davis clashed at Brussels because each held the other responsible for the *débâcle*.

From the British point of view the Conference would only have made sense if President Roosevelt's speech in Chicago had marked the beginning of a completely different policy and not, as it turned out later, nothing more than an unsupported threat. Nevertheless, the official participation of the United States in an international political conference after a five-year interval of isolation may be regarded as proof that Americans can be expected to become used to playing an increasing part in world politics.

In Brussels, at any rate, the well-known hide-and-seek game was played. On November 24th the final futile report of the Conference was adopted. Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese delegate, regretted that positive and concrete measures had not been examined by the Conference. Italy rejected the draft *in toto*. Thus everything came about as expected. There followed the cancellation by Washington of Norman Davis's scheduled talks with Mr. Chamberlain, in which they were to have tried to straighten out the tangle in Anglo-American relations which had been caused by the miscarriage of the Brussels scheme.

III

It is obvious that the parallel between the diplomatic events during the Far Eastern War and those during the Ethiopian War is almost perfect. We would like to emphasize, however, that this absurd Brussels Conference had a highly significant background. There is an influential group represented by Foreign Secretary Eden which desires to form a powerful coalition between Great Britain, the United States, France and the Soviet Union. This group is exercising a profound influence upon British foreign policy. Since the objective is a world-wide coalition, it is essential that an Anglo-American *entente* shall be its nucleus. Without this nucleus the plan would certainly fail. The group around Eden believes that the Four-Power coalition could be employed in the Far East and in the Mediterranean, as well as against Germany, as soon as it has been created.

Thus the failure of the Brussels Conference even before it opened involved the failure of a much more far-reaching scheme, at least for the time being. All the greater was the hangover of the French press after it realized that the Eden group had again miscalculated.

In recent months there have been many rumors about a feud between Mr. Eden and Mr. Chamberlain. Apart from certain personal differences in temperament and taste, we do not regard this feud as being very important at present. Mr. Chamberlain's attitude during all these months was determined by the blunders which his predecessor, Mr. Baldwin, made in foreign affairs, and he had no desire to repeat them. Mr. Baldwin had followed a fixed course, not only in his famous statement about the English frontier being on the Rhine, but also in his attitude toward all problems affecting the Continent. Mr. Chamberlain has been trying to avoid such mistakes.

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We are reasonably certain that the British Premier is not opposed to the Eden scheme of a coalition between the four Great Powers; but he must have realized the many obstacles in its path, and therefore refused to commit himself to it irrevocably.

Above all else, however, the recent happenings in the Soviet Union, which no longer can be overlooked, must have played a decisive rôle in his decision. The mass executions, as well as the destruction of almost the entire former diplomatic staff, must have confirmed Mr. Chamberlain's impression that it was impossible to regard the Soviet Union as a stable factor in foreign politics. He was not, on the other hand, willing to renounce the assistance of the Soviet Union entirely.

It seems that the shadow over Litvinov, the first signs of which became apparent last November, is an additional reason for carefully weighing the question of coöperation with Russia. While Litvinov is none too popular in London, he has nevertheless been the representative of a certain kind of Soviet policy. Even if Litvinov should not disappear in the dungeons of the GPU in the course of this winter, he will hardly be able to represent the Soviets anywhere with authority. Nor has the attitude of the Soviet Union in the Far Eastern conflict fulfilled the expectations of Great Britain. As a result, the only part of the coalition scheme which remains is the Anglo-French Entente, and Great Britain knows only too well that the *entente cordiale* is a buttress of doubtful value.

For all these reasons Prime Minister Chamberlain has found it wise not entirely to exclude Germany and Italy, and even Japan, as possible allies. This attitude became apparent for the first time when the invitation to von Neurath was extended, and which had to be turned down because of the *Leipzig* incident. The next step was Mr. Chamberlain's exchange of notes with Mussolini in the first days of August. There followed in October and November several speeches in which the British Premier expressed in general terms a vague willingness for coöperation with Germany. Finally, there came the visit of Lord Halifax to Berlin and Berchtesgaden, a visit into which all those who wished to prevent an Anglo-German understanding read a great deal of unnecessary mystery.

IV

These attempts have thus far had no significant results. Whether a second and more thorough-going attempt will some day be made, an attempt which can become more concrete as soon as it becomes apparent that the Anglo-American-Franco-Soviet Russian coalition is impossible, remains to be seen.

Two points, however, seem to be certain. The first is that Great Britain is making a mistake if she believes that the German hand can be placed in the game at will, as in former years, or that it can be dropped from it just as easily. Germany is entirely unwilling to participate in any international arrangement in which she will be confronted with a *fait accompli*, even in a disguised form. Nor will she permit herself to be utilized as a stop-gap in Great Britain's attempts to create a new coalition.

The second point is that for several

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months Great Britain has undoubtedly been looking for a strong coalition which would offer the Empire the kind of backing it needs. The disappointment at Brussels, or rather the disappointment about the lack of any active results from President Roosevelt's speech, has at the present moment merely proved that Mr. Eden's hopes will be difficult of realization. On the other hand, the very day that Lord Halifax departed on his visit to Germany, it was announced that negotiations for an Anglo-American trade treaty would take place. A strange impression was created in Germany when the London *Times* suddenly took pains to emphasize an American comment on the forthcoming trade negotiations. It was taken from an article by the publicist Felix Morley, who had described them in the *Washington Post* as 'in the nature of a reply both to the alliance recently concluded between Germany, Italy and Japan, and to the Brazilian move to form a Fascist State.' The great democracies, he asserted, were equally able to form an alliance and they intended by no means to renounce the monopoly of diplomatic coöperation in favor of the 'dictator States.' This American comment would not be worth repeating if it had not been used by Great Britain as a veiled warning to us at the very moment of the Halifax visit.

The Anglo-American trade treaty has thus become an issue in a broader political arena. The British wish to give us the impression that they are trying to strengthen the 'cash-and-carry' clause of the American Neutrality Act. But behind this is the fact that, under that clause, they alone would be able in war time to get supplies from the United States. Since efforts to win America over to an active policy have failed, the announcement of the Anglo-American trade treaty is supposed at least to pave the way for America's passive assistance to Great Britain.

V

We must conclude that Great Britain is conducting her diplomacy on two different tracks in an effort to find support. On one track, the happenings in the Soviet Union are systematically overlooked in the most influential part of the press—at least as far as the political implications are concerned—while on the other track Germany is cultivated. The second track policy was apparent from the discussion in the House of Commons which preceded the visit of Lord Halifax, and which followed a very sensible line, especially in regard to the colonial question concerned.

Insofar as she schemes to use Germany as a stop-gap in this two-track game, Great Britain is deceiving herself. It is quite possible, however, that some day the British desire for a coalition may no longer be satisfied by the old *entente cordiale*, and that she will change over to the other side. This will never mean turning away from France—that much is quite clear—but it may mean turning away from the idea of collective security. To what extent Great Britain would then be willing to change the entire set-up and redistribute the colonial world cannot yet be even discussed. The advantages she would derive from a truly equitable solution are obvious. The situation of the Empire is such that these advantages will be more urgently needed from year to year, since it can already be seen that British rearmament can

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never provide the security which is expected of it.

The two-track British foreign policy need not frighten us. It is now pursued so boldly that it is an open secret to everyone who has eyes. We know that the ballyhoo of Germanophobe journalists in Great Britain and France during Lord Halifax's visit has no relation to considerations that really matter. Yet, just as it cannot be denied that in the end British policy may fall back upon the outworn collective security idea, neither can it be denied that there is still a chance that sound ideas may finally prevail in British policy. We must keep the door open for Great Britain.

II. No Substitute for Colonies!

By Fritz Nonnenbruch

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National-Socialist Daily

FROM Germany's point of view her colonies were taken from her by force and therefore belong to her by right. Economic considerations can have nothing to do with that basic right, even though we look forward to the economic benefits which we would derive from the re-possession of colonies. One thing is clear: the colonial question will in no way influence Germany's determination to carry out her Four-Year Plan for economic self-sufficiency, and, conversely, her colonial demands will not be altered by the execution of the Four-Year Plan. In brief, Germany's right to colonies will remain even after the problem of raw materials has been solved for German industry.

Fears have been expressed abroad that Germany is striving to isolate herself—that such is the real aim of the Four-Year Plan. We can only say that these fears are groundless, because we do wish to participate in world trade. But, first, we desire the restoration of sound conditions in world economy, or more specifically, the revival of free competition. And we assert that the return of Germany's colonies would contribute greatly to the realization of this economic objective, regardless of the effects of the Four-Year Plan. Let us look into this question further.

It is quite true that in pre-War times competition on equal terms actually existed. But since the War the Powers controlling world economy have placed us in an impossible position. They argue that we do not really need colonies, and claim that we need only export our products in order to be able to buy colonial raw materials. This is just what we tried to do from 1919 to 1933, only to find that conditions had changed, that the pre-War order of free competition had disappeared. During that period and since, we have not been permitted to export enough of our manufactured goods to enable us to purchase as much colonial raw material as we require. We have found that the Powers now controlling world economy have fixed the prices of colonial raw materials according to far different standards from those which prevailed before the War.

In the first place, extensive restric-

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tions have been imposed upon production. This is true for a great many products: rubber, coal, copper, cotton, aluminum, zinc ore and nitrate. But that is not all. Foodstuffs—coffee, tea, sugar and wheat—are also subject to restrictions. These restrictions are part and parcel of the capitalistic system with its cartels, syndicates and quotas. In view of these conditions no one can fairly say that there is free competition, or contend that Germany can buy what she wants on the open market; for the restrictions have been imposed upon the very goods which she wants most to buy.

We have found that many important colonial products are being monopolized. This fact is the real heart of the raw material and world trade problems, and certain circles abroad are simply trying to camouflage the facts by saying that we can buy whatever we want. In demanding that we act as if there were a free market, they are, in effect, demanding that we subordinate our needs to this monopoly. That we shall not do.

It has become increasingly difficult to exchange finished goods for colonial raw materials. The reason is that the supply of finished goods on the world market, not being subject to restrictions, has increased, while the supply of colonial raw materials has been ruthlessly kept at a low level. The restrictions on raw material production are intended, of course, to raise prices. That has been accomplished at the expense of the finished goods industries. Without such restrictions raw materials would naturally be cheaper and could be more easily bought by the manufacturers of finished goods.

Since German exports consist mainly of finished goods, and since Germany is not a party to the monopolies on raw materials, she is at a great disadvantage. We are, therefore, trying to protect our national economy from the unfavorable conditions on the world market as much as we can. We are gaining independence from foreign raw materials through our Four-Year Plan. But we shall not isolate ourselves from world economy even after the Four-Year Plan has been carried out.

II

How extensive our participation in world trade will be after the fulfillment of the Four-Year Plan depends not on us alone but also on the attitude of the other countries. It will be just as extensive as it is profitable for us. That is only fair. No country will trade without considering its own advantage. We are not trying to make a 'sharp' deal with the other Powers and we desire only what a fair-minded people can demand and what other fair-minded peoples can concede.

We should be offered the same terms on the world market as the other great nations. The return of our colonies will improve the very unfavorable conditions with which we are confronted in the world market at the present time. We do not even ask that the restrictions on production of all colonial raw materials be abolished on our account. In our own colonies, however, we want to be free from restrictions in exploiting their raw materials, at least as far as German economy is concerned. Once we have colonies with a free supply of raw materials, the pressure of the monopolies on German industry will be considerably relieved. Ultimately, therefore, the extent of German participation in the international

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exchange of goods will depend upon the restoration of our colonies.

The world can rest assured that Germany will manage her colonies well, since our success in world trade will depend upon our doing so. The training which we are now getting at home in carrying out the Four-Year Plan will be very useful in the economic exploitation of our colonies in the future.

To sum up, we demand the return of our colonies because they are ours by right. Peace will be assured only if justice is done in this respect. But practical benefits will follow if the other Great Powers pursue a policy dictated solely by a concern for justice. Our exchange of goods with other countries can be very extensive, once our colonies with their resources have been restored to us. Our economic coöperation with all fair-minded nations would increase. That, too, is a safeguard for peace. We even believe that after the colonies have been returned, German trade abroad will be so great that it will serve to stimulate the entire European market, and that there will no longer be any excuse for restricting the production of raw materials. And that will not only help the producers of raw materials, but also all European countries that have been hampered by restrictions. So we say again that the return of Germany's colonies will help to stabilize the world situation and be an important factor for both peace and prosperity.

Gallipoli

'Three minutes to go,' said Colonel White. Then simply, 'Go!'

In an instant the first line, all eagerness, leapt over the parapet. Facing them, not a stone's throw away, were hundreds of the enemy, lining two-deep their front trench and others behind it. The instant the Light Horse appeared, there burst upon them a fusillade that rose within a few seconds from a fierce crackle into a continuous roar in which it was impossible to distinguish the report of rifle or machine-gun. Watchers saw the Australian line start forward across the skyline and then on a sudden grow limp and sink to the earth, 'as though,' said one eye-witness, 'the men's limbs had become string.' Save those who fell back wounded into their own trench all the rest lay dead four or six yards from the parapet. The 10th went forward to meet death instantly as the 8th had done, the men running as swiftly and as straight as they could at the Turkish rifles.

With that regiment went the flower of the youth of Western Australia, sons of the old pioneering families, youngsters—in some cases two or three from the same home—who had flocked to Perth at the outbreak of war with their own horses and saddlery in order to secure enlistment in a mounted regiment of the Australian Imperial Force. Men honored and popular, the best loved leaders in sport and work in the West, then rushed straight to their death.

—From *The Official History of Australia in the War*

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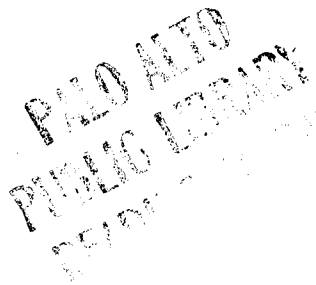
A visit to 9 Downing Street, where Britain's foreign policy is 'muddled.'

Inside the Foreign Office



Translated from the
Weltwoche Zurich Independent Weekly

ONE of the favorite conundrums of the Victorian era was this: 'Why do the officials of the British Foreign Office resemble the fountain on Trafalgar Square?' And the answer: 'Because they play from ten to four!' At that time the joke was justified because a diplomat was not overburdened with work except in time of war. The young gentlemen of the Foreign Office had at their disposal, and spent a considerable part of their working time in a recreation room called the 'nursery,' which boasted a piano, fencing and boxing equipment and the like. Then a story is told about the three Imperial couriers, who were supposed to be constantly on call in case some urgent matter arose. One day something did come up but none of the couriers could be found. It was discovered that one was attending a hunt, another had gone to the races, while the third was busy discharging his social obligations in Mayfair.

In those days the young diplomats did not begin work until after lunch and they were seldom fully occupied. Before 1870, when the present building at No. 9 Downing Street was completed, the Foreign Office was located in a house opposite a dressmaker's shop, and the young diplomats sometimes diverted themselves by reflecting the sun's rays with mirrors onto the faces of the seamstresses. Complaints were made to Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Minister, who posted a notice requesting the gentlemen of the staff 'to refrain from casting reflections upon the young ladies during working hours.'

Today all this has changed, and midnight oil is burned in the offices between the Horse Guards and Westminster. The Foreign Office is busy day and night; some younger officials, the so-called 'resident clerks,' even live in the building, in constant readiness for emergency duty. Their schedule is so arranged that one of them is always available to forward a message from an excited Ambassador to the

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Foreign Minister, even in the dead of night, or to decode a cablegram and awaken some higher official. Evening is the busiest time in the Foreign Office, because diplomatic reports, particularly from the Continent, normally reach London late in the afternoon.

During an emergency the heaviest burden falls upon the second highest man in the Foreign Office: the Permanent Under-Secretary. His is one of the most important posts in the entire British Civil Service. Once it was held by a former Viceroy of India, and several Permanent Under-Secretaries have been raised to the nobility. The Permanent Under-Secretary is the actual chief of the Foreign Office, and he has usually been an Ambassador already, or will leave his post to become one. He is responsible for the organization and discipline of the staff. He seldom emerges from a comparative anonymity. The present Permanent Under-Secretary is Sir Alexander George Montagu Cadogan, until recently Ambassador in Peiping, who succeeded the much-criticized Sir Robert Vansittart on January first. His large office is connected by an elevator with the still larger office of the Foreign Minister. He is constantly surrounded by a multitude of those red morocco dispatch-cases which the Imperial couriers carry around Whitehall. Documents are sent in these cases from one room to another and from one bureau to another. This method seems more awkward and outmoded than it really is. Most of the work in the Foreign Office is done in writing and is distributed in writing. Cases are not as easily soiled or mislaid as envelopes. Each bears a label, the color of which is significant. A red label on a dispatch-case, for example, means that the contents require urgent attention.

II

The Foreign Office is organized along the following lines: at the top is the Foreign Secretary; the head of the permanent staff, the Permanent Under-Secretary, comes next; there follow the Deputy Under-Secretary and five Assistant Under-Secretaries, each of whom is responsible for a department; in addition there are about ten advisers. The political departments are arranged geographically: there is a Far Eastern department for Japan and China, the Northern department for Russia and Scandinavia, etc. There are also non-political departments, for instance that of the Establishment Officer, and non-geographical ones like the Press Bureau. Passports are issued by a special department outside the Foreign Office, but under its supervision.

The chief of a political department has five or six assistants, beginning with a first secretary who is usually around forty years old, and proceeding down to third secretaries of twenty-four. Not included in this arrangement are the important posts of the legal advisers and librarians. The latter are also custodians of the records. Most of the departments, in addition, have experts of their own. Another important person is the Foreign Secretary's private secretary, who has the difficult and responsible task of being the intermediary between his chief and the Office. An army of minor officials and clerks completes the staff. The older officials have their own offices, the younger work three or four together.

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Not only during the whirl of international crises, but at all times, the Foreign Office must be minutely informed about Great Britain's relations with other countries and about the relations of other countries with each other. It must be in a position to give an immediate answer to any question asked by the Foreign Minister or in the House of Commons. For this reason all reports from diplomatic and consular agents abroad must be constantly and thoroughly studied, compared and brought up-to-date.

The mass of the people learns little of the multitude of British interests abroad which the Foreign Office has to safeguard. Who, for instance, cares about a change in the statute of the international administration of Tangier, a problem which only recently made life very hard for certain Foreign Office officials? Or about agreements concerning British land leases in Japan, the complaint of a British citizen in Liberia, that of a sugar planter in Cuba, that of an unpaid British creditor in Italy, or the anxious inquiry of the mother of a missionary in China about the safety of her son? The latest domestic events in Yugoslavia, Turkey, Guatemala, Finland and sixty other countries must be studied, and the attacks on Great Britain in the Italian press, and perhaps an alleged affront of some foreign envoy in a British cinema, must be straightened out.

In 1934, no less than 155,081 documents were registered; thirty years earlier, the correspondence amounted to only 49,556 documents. And at that time the Ministry of Commerce was attached to the Foreign Office; it has since become independent.

Decoding is a tiresome occupation and one that is hard on the eyes. But sometimes, during a crisis, for instance, it is an exciting sport, as some important dispatch gradually reveals its content. Coding and decoding is done today by the Imperial couriers when they are not engaged in errands. All incoming documents are registered and forwarded to the proper departments; all except the most important and urgent ones come first into the hands of minor officials. Most of the documents are attended to by them, while the others are forwarded with marginal comments to the proper higher official. Comparatively few reach the Assistant Secretaries, and even fewer reach the Permanent Under-Secretary. Incoming and outgoing cablegrams are usually printed and distributed to everybody. Younger officials are encouraged to write reports about the special problems with which they are concerned. Relations between them and the older officials are informal and retain something of the club-like atmosphere of yore, despite the immense increase in personnel and the inevitable tendency toward bureaucracy that goes with size and integration.

At the beginning of this century, when the Foreign Office was modernized in earnest, the Foreign Secretary had a staff of about one hundred employees. Today there are more than four hundred. The first woman worker, a typist, appeared in 1889; today there are more than a hundred women.

III

For a long time a diplomatic career was reserved for the upper classes. Not only the battles of the Duke of Wellington but also Britain's diplo-

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matic struggles were won on the playing fields of Eton. Until the beginning of the 19th century there were no trained diplomats. The King, the Prime Minister or some other influential Minister secured the appointment of his friends to Ambassadorial posts; these, in turn, chose their staffs from among their friends and relatives. Only in the last hundred years has the diplomatic service become an actual career, though the upper class still retains a privileged *entrée*. The Foreign Secretary was always an aristocrat; with the exception of the first Foreign Secretary, Charles James Fox (1782), and the great Canning, every Foreign Secretary had his seat in the House of Lords until the Liberal Government of 1906, when Sir Edward Grey took over this office. He, and Lord Balfour after him, were members of the House of Commons, although they were noblemen.

Balfour was succeeded by Lord Curzon, an aristocrat of aristocrats, a brilliant but pompous and unpopular statesman. When he appeared in the Foreign Office, all the bells in the corridors rang so that the elevator could be waiting for him and all the proper doors could be opened in advance. One day the elevator got stuck in such a way that Lord Curzon's head was just visible above the floor. Those who rushed to his rescue reported later that they had never before realized the wealth of abusive words possessed by the English language.

The Marquis, as he was called in the Office, once rang for his Private Secretary, Sir Robert Vansittart, a few minutes past one, but Vansittart had gone out for lunch. For lunch? At one o'clock? 'Unbearable Philistinism!'

When Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in 1924, a hitherto unknown difficulty arose. Agreements had been traditionally sealed with the coat-of-arms of the signatories. MacDonald had no coat-of-arms and there was both perplexity and embarrassment when it became necessary for him to sign his first agreement. A signet with letters 'JRM' was hastily ordered and the honor of the Foreign Office was saved.

Even before the War the composition of the diplomatic service had begun to be less aristocratic. Entrance examinations, which were introduced in the middle of the last century, have become more and more difficult, in order to avoid nepotism. Yet until 1919 an applicant had to prove that he possessed a private income of at least £400 a year; since then the salaries have been raised so that young men without means of their own can live on them. The average salary of a young diplomatic official is £300 in London and £500 abroad. The top salary of a Counselor is £1,200. But he can be Minister at fifty, and well off; or he can become an Ambassador, in which case he need not worry about money. Pensions are generous. So there are good financial prospects as well as prestige in following the difficult and responsible diplomatic career, even if one passes over the reason given by one young man who was asked why he was so fond of the diplomatic service. 'Because,' he said frankly, 'one gets such marvelous seats in the first row whenever anything important is going on!'

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One expert discusses the possibility of using germs to attack the enemy; another denies that modern arms give any special advantage to the defense.

Warfare *of* Tomorrow

I. Mobilizing the Microbes

By H. W.

Translated from the *Deutsche Wehr*, Semi-Official Organ of the Reichswehr

BACTERIAL warfare can be defined as a deliberate attempt to cause epidemics of contagious disease not only among men and animals engaged in warfare, but also among the enemy's civilian population. Its purpose is to cause material damage as well as to undermine the enemy's vitality and morale.

There are many questions which must be considered in regard to this hitherto untried method of warfare. Is an attack by means of bacteria possible or not? Is there actual danger of suffering such an attack? What effects should a belligerent anticipate if he undertook to employ germs against the enemy? Since bacterial warfare has no 'history,' and since actual experience cannot be invoked, it is next to impossible to give conclusive answers to these questions. They may be partially answered, however, by a brief survey of what has thus far been learned by investigators who have examined the following aspects of the subject: first, the most virulent and suitable germs; second, the best means of spreading them; and third, the conditions necessary to produce infection and start an epidemic.

The problem of preparing germs of high virulence is largely one of laboratory technique, and it must be remembered that the experience gained on the usual small experimental scale does not apply without qualification to large-scale operation. In the choice of the actual germs to be used, we must not be over-ambitious. It is very tempting to think of yellow fever, spotted fever or small pox—plagues that universally cause a feeling of horror—but for practical purposes it would be necessary to breed enormous quantities of mosquitoes or lice, infect

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them with the bacillus of yellow or spotted fever and constantly keep a huge supply of such insects on hand. The preparation of sufficient quantities of smallpox virus offers similar difficulties, apart from the fact that civilized nations possess a very effective defense in vaccination.

II

At one time great hopes were placed in the cholera bacillus. It was assumed to be sufficient to place cultures of it in wells, water tanks or foodstuffs in order to start an epidemic. It has been found, however, that these cultures may be safely ingested by man and are not able to cause the disease. Only those who are actually infected with cholera are able to spread it; the bacillus does not become virulent until evacuated by them and then quickly loses its virulence. Cultures of the bacillus of dysentery likewise lose their virulence and the means of restoring it are largely ineffective.

More suitable, apparently, are the bacilli of typhoid and para-typhoid; but these diseases are endemic in many countries and an increase would not be likely to cause any great alarm. The bacillus of plague has come in for special attention since highly virulent cultures may be produced on a large scale with comparative ease. This bacillus, in addition, shows great resistance to dampness and cold and is able to infect its victims in different ways. Plague, above all, is always a serious disease, causing terror especially among populations which are not familiar with it.

The bacilli of anthrax and glanders have also been considered. Anthrax infects men as well as animals, and highly resistant cultures are easily produced on a large scale. Glanders, a disease of the horse, causes an infection in man which is invariably fatal.

Turning now to the means of spreading epidemics artificially, it must be understood that attempts at infection will, in all probability, have to be made not against troops in the field but against the non-combatants within the enemy territory. The reason for this is that a successful attempt at infection at the front might quickly spread to one's own troops.

Germs can be spread only by means of agents or airplanes. In the case of agents, careful training and the complicity of persons in enemy territory are necessary for useful work in tainting water and food supply or in infecting animals which spread disease. These efforts would have to be pursued under great difficulties and under different circumstances. They might succeed on one occasion but fail on the next. Each agent, moreover, could work only with small quantities of cultures. Even under circumstances favorable to his work, he might cause only individual cases of disease and fail of attaining the objective—an epidemic.

Airplanes appear to be a far more suitable means of launching microbe drives, and various devices for scattering germs from the air are under consideration. Among these are bombs, glass tubes, large containers, spraying and dusting.

The possibility of open spraying has been made the subject of experiments, which have revealed that damp and cold weather is most favorable for the survival of bacteria. It is, of course,

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necessary to choose germs that can cause infection by inhalation. But these experiments have been made only in closed rooms and there are few actual data on the effects of spraying in the open air.

There remain a number of unsolved problems about the spraying of bacteria: How do the germs spread in the air? How long do they retain their virulence under favorable conditions? What effect do air currents have on them? How great must the microbe concentration be to cause infection by inhalation in the open air, in the case of the plague bacillus, for example? Even though clouds highly charged with microbes might be produced by airplanes under favorable conditions, the possibility of causing infectious diseases remains doubtful. The idea might be simply discussed, however, and the mere possibility of such an attack might cause unrest even though the actual danger were exaggerated.

III

The production of epidemics or the aggravation of existing diseases differs materially from normal laboratory experiments on animals or volunteers. It is not enough simply to have on hand virulent germs and the means for scattering them; a number of other circumstances must be considered. Seasonal influences on the incidence of certain infections are well known—for example, that the summer season is favorable for dysentery and cholera, while the cold favors respiratory diseases.

The moisture content of the air is also known to play a rôle. Topographical and social factors, and racial degrees of immunity are factors which may favor or retard the development of epidemics. Yellow fever, for example, is confined to certain geographical regions, while others, such as plague and cholera, require a special external and social environment. Spotted fever might do great damage among a population which has been reduced to a state of exhaustion and misery. The same is true of cholera and bacterial dysentery. All these considerations must not be forgotten by the proponents of microbe warfare.

Some commentators have tried to give microbe warfare a definite place among the other military arms, but it is as yet quite premature to do so. There are so many incalculable factors that the method might fail just when those who have perfected it believe that they have it under control. Certainly it would be very dangerous to judge bacterial warfare by the same standards as other branches of the military organization. Comparison even with chemical warfare is impossible, although the experience gained by chemical warfare in the air might be utilized in the diffusion of certain types of germ clouds.

The presumptive effect will depend largely upon the character of the nation which is to be the object of attack. A country with a well-developed public health service and possessing an effective peace-time organization to combat disease would probably be able to resist bacterial warfare very well.

The question then arises as to whether it would pay to initiate a type of warfare that is so different and uncertain in results, when far more effective and reliable weapons are available. It seems certain that microbe warfare cannot decisively influence the

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outcome of war, although epidemics might create serious complications for leaders who are already overburdened with worries. It is the effect on morale that must be considered above all. If a fear of enemy germ attacks is aroused by propaganda and kept constantly alive by rumors, a nation's will to resist might be undermined, especially if the war is prolonged. But here, too, it is wise not to exaggerate the effects, especially in the case of a population which is neither ignorant nor easily intimidated.

As for defensive measures against bacterial attack, a country which possesses a well-developed public health service should increase its precautions and pay special attention to the purity of its water and food supplies and to urban hygiene in general—in factories, barracks, camps, office buildings, etc. Civil and military health authorities should work closely together. Methods of determining the presence of infectious diseases should be developed in the laboratory so that an epidemic focus could be isolated at once. The World War affords sufficient experience in epidemic control, both at the front and in the hinterland. Small outbreaks were brought under control with comparative speed—the only exception being influenza, which left everyone helpless.

On the whole, the danger can easily be exaggerated. While the bacterial weapon in theory offers many possibilities, it presents in practice a number of difficulties, some of which seem insuperable. Nevertheless, it is unwise to dispose of the entire question as insignificant and of defensive measures as unnecessary. We must be prepared for the possibility of such novel attacks.

II. The Cult of the Defensive

By Victor Wallace Germains

From the *National Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

THE theory that modern arms confer special advantages to the defensive has always involved those who have trusted to it in overwhelming national disaster. It began in the American Civil War, and Longstreet's lame and half-hearted coöperation with Lee, under influence of this theory, cost the South the Battle of Gettysburg and her only chance of winning a really decisive victory. From America the cult spread to France. The French had, in the Chassepot rifle, a weapon greatly superior to the Prussian needle-gun and they had also, in the *mitrailleuse*, a primitive machine-gun. This led them to anticipate by a generation or so Mr. Winston Churchill's recent discovery that 'earth stops bullets and bullets kill men.' In 1870 they saw their path to victory in 'forcing the enemy to attack,' but, unfortunately, these theories were knocked on the head by the magnificent handling of the Prussian artillery. The thing ended in Sedan, and, in the People's War which ensued, whether the raw French conscript levies attacked or defended made no difference. Pitted against trained and well-led Germans, they were beaten just the same.

This theory was heard in South

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Africa. After our troops had been repulsed at the Modder River, Magersfontein, Colenso and elsewhere, there spread a spirit of defeatism regarding the prospects of successful attacks against modern weapons. Lord Roberts vetoed Kitchener's plans to renew the attack at Paardeberg, with the result that we lost more men by enteric than we would have lost by rushing the enemy positions; the advance to Pretoria was a matter of wide turning movements, maneuvering the enemy out of position after position. We got Pretoria, but the enemy, instead of being grappled with and smashed in decisive fighting, was free to withdraw and with fighting spirit unimpaired, and the next step was the development of *offensive* tactics by the younger Boer leaders. After the daringly led Boers had set the example by rushing our own positions, the theory of the 'superiority conferred by modern arms on the defense' passed suddenly into disfavor.

The Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5 and the Balkan Wars of 1912–13 conveyed no lesson that attack in face of modern weapons was specially difficult or dangerous. On the contrary, the Yalu, Liao-Yang, Mukden, Lule Burgos, Kumanovno were a long list of attacks which ended in decisive and overwhelming victory. Nor, while the Great War was actually in progress, did one hear much as to this particular doctrine. There were complaints about attacks which failed from lack of preparation, faulty reconnaissance, bad weather, or poor staff work. But there was little suggestion that a properly mounted, well coördinated attack was foredoomed to failure. Maxse, in his invaluable report on the storming of Thiépval, September 25, 1916, says the exact contrary: '. . . With sufficient time to prepare an assault upon a definite and limited objective, I believe that a well-trained division can capture almost any "impregnable" stronghold.'

II

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the cult of the defensive *über alles*, as preached to our press and public today, is a post-War product and not a War product, and that among its most ardent votaries are seldom or never to be found men with much practical experience of command in the field. As war-impressions die down there is an inevitable tendency for an army to become academic instead of practical in its outlook. Peace-training for war has no lethal bullets or shells; maneuvers are held on too small a scale and under conditions too artificial for it to be possible to deduce 'lessons,' although they afford valuable food for surmise. Thus, there is a tendency for military thought to become dominated by a type of writer whom I should personally describe as a 'learned doctor of war,' *i.e.*, a man who lives in a world of books, theories and illusions.

All armies suffer from this type of writer to a greater or lesser extent, and the only real corrective is to have a General Staff Head with enough practical experience in the field to be able to discern where, in military theory, truth ends and error begins and a strong enough personality to impose his own views upon the Army. But in the case of the British Army, where the public, in time of peace, takes little interest in military problems, the 'learned doctor' mentality can be a particularly dangerous evil, for even

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when the soldiers know the doctrines to be worthless, a well-meant but utterly misleading clamor in the press may lead to things being done which are not only unwise but actually harmful, and to the neglect of other measures which are urgently needed.

The wide publicity given to cult of the defensive *über alles* is an instance of the power of the 'learned doctor' mentality to assert a sort of stranglehold over military thought. The evidence in favor of this doctrine is mainly a matter of special pleading and distortion. First of all, attention is riveted only to the Western Front, and to particular phases of that Front. The successful German attacks at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, their break-through at Gorlice, Mackensen's really brilliant campaign against Serbia and Falkenhayn's successful campaign in Rumania are completely ignored. Yet they were all achieved in face of modern weapons and, in the case of Serbia, over very difficult country.

In dealing with the Western Front, much is made of Joffre's failure in his Alsace offensive, but the slight fact that he was attacking an army larger than his own, and that this was due to faulty intelligence, is completely ignored. And surely it is surprising that so much should be said of Joffre's failure in this connection and so little about his successful counter-stroke on the Marne. The collapse of Belgian fortresses before improved means of attack and the species of panic to which this gave rise in the French Army, leading to the hasty abandonment of their carefully fortified frontier, are slurred over.

But the stock-in-trade of all these arguments is, of course, the failure of the French Spring offensives of 1915, and our own Somme and Paschendaele offensives. Here the points are made, however, very superficially, with little apparent knowledge of the actual conditions of the fighting. When, in 1915, we and our allies confronted the problem of trench warfare, there developed a long-drawn-out duel between forces of attack and defense analogous to the prolonged duel between gun and armor at sea.

Now consider the actual evolution of warfare on the Western Front. The trench system was a species of earth-armor. The first demand was for bigger guns, and more of them, to smash this armor. By the time these were available, however, the enemy had countered by deep dug-outs—the Somme. We improved our means of coördinating artillery fire with infantry attack. Deep dug-outs became death-traps for the Germans—the Somme, middle phase. The enemy retorted by organizing defense by shell-holes—the Somme, later phases—and 'pill-boxes'—Paschendaele. We countered again by introducing 'calibration' and 'predicted' firing plus improved forms of tank—Cambrai. The Germans replied by their own offensive ('predicted' firing plus 'infiltration') but, fortunately for us, they were at the end of their tether socially and economically and could not press their gains home. We and the French still had reserves. Help came from America. First we stabilized our lines, then we counter-attacked ('predicted' firing plus 'infiltration' plus tanks). At this point the enemy resistance collapsed.

If there is one thing clear from this review of the actual course of events, it is that to talk of any 'scientific' lesson proving any superiority given by

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modern arms to the defense is the most arrant rubbish. There was a perpetual flow and eddy between them. Moreover, for improved methods or weapons of attack to gain really decisive results, they had to be supported by general social and economic factors outside the weapons or methods themselves. Thus, although the Germans in their 1918 offensives gained great successes, the Allies still had enough in the way of reserves of men, material and fighting spirit to check the enemy advance and produce a 'counter.' But when, in turn, the Allies made their attack, the Germans collapsed because the organism behind them no longer possessed the strength or elasticity to produce the new methods necessary to counter the new means of attack.

III

The popular idea that modern weapons have favored the defense is almost ludicrously opposed to the real facts. Fundamentally, trench and machine-gun tactics are exactly the same today as they were in 1918. We have more machine-guns and they fire faster; motorized machine-guns can be brought from place to place in a shorter time; machine-tools enable us to throw up entrenchments more rapidly.

But motorization cuts both ways and favors the attack as well as the defense; the same applies to the use of machine-tools, since positions once taken can be rapidly consolidated. From the purely tactical standpoint, the problem to be solved in knocking out the machine-gun is exactly the same as in 1918—if we solved it successfully in 1918 who can believe that there is likely to be any overwhelming difficulty in solving it today? Tremendous advances which have been made in the development of predicted firing, airplane reconnaissance and photography, and gun-power, whereas the machine-gun, in comparison with the *gun*, has remained stationary.

I should not have devoted so much space to the discussion of an academic doctrine if it were not that the military situation of this Empire is growing increasingly precarious and that this particular doctrine of the increased power conferred by modern weapons on the defense is the sort of soothing syrup eagerly seized upon by politicians for the purpose of lulling their own consciences and affording them an excuse for refusing to take measures of preparation which are urgently necessary but which are likely to be unpopular.

Consider the military situation as it exists today. If war comes, France stands exposed to attack from not less than 120 German divisions in the north. As against these numbers, she cannot mobilize more than 55 divisions, to which can be added at most 5 British, a total of 60 allied divisions pitted against 120 Germans. But this disparity in numbers by no means illuminates the full extent of the danger. By reason of the great powers for preparation possessed by its Government, Germany is far better organized for industrial mobilization than Britain and France. It is not only more advanced in peace-time preparation, but possesses far greater powers of expansion in time of war. As a result, in the first six months of the war Germany will show an *increasing* superiority over Britain and France, and this will be felt in every sphere of military activity: in aircraft, guns,

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tanks and explosives. After this first six months the enemy activity will have reached its peak and begin to decline. Then, if we have not been knocked out in the meantime, our own superiority in latent resources will begin to tell. But can we hold off the attack until then? That's the rub. And where does Italy stand?

The attack when it comes will be made with the force and fury of a 1918 Ludendorff, but with a relative superiority far greater than was enjoyed by Ludendorff, and under strategic conditions far more favorable. What do our 'scientific' thinkers on war propose actually to *do* if the situation develops on these lines? Is it to be a matter of raising an army after France has already been smashed? Where will be our chance of doing this successfully with Paris and the Channel Ports in German hands, ourselves without a friend in Europe and exposed to air and submarine attack upon an ever-increasing scale?

If one studies the writings of our 'scientific' critics, one discovers that they have nothing in the way of a well-thought-out, practical, constructive, military policy to offer; nothing but a particular theory, the 'superiority conferred by modern weapons on the defense,' and if this particular theory happens to be wrong, then we're all in the soup—and the days of the British Empire are numbered.

The British Empire has never been confronted by a military situation more grimly menacing than at present. It is a situation which can be solved not by theories and declamations but by effort and sacrifice. The introduction of conscription may not suffice to make a coming war 'short, sharp and decisive.' But it would suffice to ward off an overwhelming military disaster and the longer we delay the application of this remedy, the greater our prospect of irretrievable defeat. We *must* make a break-away from this 'learned doctor' mentality. What passes for 'scientific' military criticism is as useful to the soldier as those chivalrous romances which addled the pate of Don Quixote, and its effect upon any Government which is foolish enough to take its authors as seriously as they take themselves will be no less disastrous.

Empire to the Wolves

The present National Government is throwing the democratic babies of Europe to the wolves in the hope that the Imperial babies may be saved for another five years. By such a policy we are helping to create a German power that will make it easy to pick the bones of the British Empire in six years' time.

—Sir Stafford Cripps

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This young Brown Shirt officer leads a man-hunt—with unforeseen results.

Storm Trooper Tempel

By Jean Rives

Translated from the *Lumière*
Paris Radical Weekly

'HALT!' Ernst Tempel commanded, in a voice that was sharp but barely audible.

With a gesture he held back his detail of ten Storm Troopers, who were like a pack of eager hounds, swift and silent in their movements, and well trained in the art of man-hunting. In the darkness before them loomed Shop N of the Leichtmetall Factory, where one of the blackened windowpanes had been touched for just an instant by a flicker of light. Someone was inside and the hunt was about to begin!

For the past few months the management had been complaining of persistent Communist propaganda in the factory. Posters were put up during the night and pamphlets were distributed among the workers when they were leaving for the day. The night watchman had not noticed anything suspicious, but it was possible that he, too, was involved.

Storm Troop Patrol No. 3A, commanded by Sub-Lieutenant Ernst Tempel, was sent down to investigate, and the management was assured prompt results. Although Ernst Tempel was only twenty, and one of the youngest officers in the Storm Troops, he was considered 'reliable.' The son of a Communist worker, he had renounced his father's politics and had joined the Nazis while he was still an apprentice in a machine-shop. And here he was now on this dark June night, with ten Storm Troopers behind him, watching the dark building where a Communist was hiding.

'Surround the building,' he commanded. 'Schwartz and Himmel will go inside with me.'

A moment later their three flashlights searched the shadows of the darkened shop until their beams converged on the gray silhouette of a man who was standing with his back to them; he was pressing against a lathe, as if trying vainly to seem a part of it. He was a rather slight, small man in overalls.

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Without turning around, the man walked away, limping. An old memory passed across Ernst's mind. The man was limping on his right foot. 'Five years,' thought Ernst. 'In five years he could not get over his injury. And he is going to recognize me now.'

With the glare of his flashlight directed on the retreating figure, Ernst followed him across the shop. Confused words were rising to his lips: 'Stoeffel, we have been looking for you a long time. You are guilty of. . . . Stoeffel! Foreman Stoeffel! I regret that it is I, your apprentice, who. . . . Those who do not obey our orders. . . .' But the words died on his lips unspoken. The man was limping away slowly, without even turning his head. A bundle of leaflets was tucked under his arm. Ernst could see red print with a black border. The three Storm Troopers followed, their flashlights focused steadily on him. If he would only turn toward them, if only he would say something, this adventure would take on some human meaning. Or if he were to try to defend himself. . . . But no, he merely made his way slowly to the back of the shop.

Ernst saw a poster caricaturing the Four-Year Plan tacked onto a pillar; under a monstrous Führer's head he guessed, rather than read, the ritual phrase: 'I ask of you four years.'

But this was not a matter of four years, nor of one year, nor even an hour. In a few seconds they were going to seize the little man. But Stoeffel had a right to these few last moments of freedom. Limpingly, he made his way to the wall, and there, and only there, he turned to face his pursuers. Three beams struck him full in the face. Stoeffel blinked and squinted, as if trying to peer behind the blinding flood of light and see who was arresting him. His face seemed small and hard. Then his eyes closed before the brutal glare. He breathed with difficulty, as though the light had drained the air and made it thin. There was a pause. Then his captors closed in on him.

Ernst was standing a little apart from them. He hesitated to speak for fear of being recognized. The bundle of leaflets was lying on the ground near the wall. He could see the words: 'Comrades, the arms that you are making here are going to Spain to kill workers, our brothers. . . .' Would it be a crime if he pretended not to see those pamphlets?

As he hesitated, everything seemed to happen automatically without his doing anything about it. Schwartz bent down unprompted to pick up the leaflets, then handed him a tobacco pouch taken from the prisoner's pocket. Himmel turned away to light up the entrance to the shop, and Ernst remained alone facing the prisoner, behind the protective screen of light. He was gripping his flashlight convulsively, as if he were holding a wild beast at bay with it. As Stoeffel was being taken away between his two guards, he suddenly turned his head toward Ernst. He betrayed no surprise. Yet Ernst knew that Stoeffel had recognized him.

II

Next day a company of men was drilling in the courtyard of the barracks. Ernst watched the uniformly swinging arms and heard the measured tread of feet, but his thoughts were far away. Memories buried beneath years of military training, of

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intensive activity, revived and ached like living things.

He was thinking of his childhood, spent in a worker's house in Moabit, a section in the northern part of Berlin which takes its name from a prison. He remembered the heavy tread of feet on the stairs, the sad gloomy faces of workers going out at half-past-six in the morning with their lunch boxes under their arms. There were many red-brick tenements like his own in that district. Delivering newspapers as a boy, Ernst had visited many of them and explored many a dark stairway.

He was taken on as an apprentice in the same factory where his father used to work. Following in the latter's steps, he too became a Communist, and it was Stoeffel, the shop foreman, who had instructed him.

Once after leaving the night school, he fell into a conversation with a lad somewhat older than himself, who was distributing National Socialist pamphlets. The latter invited Ernst to come to his home for dinner—a common device among the young Nazi propagandists. He lived in Altonastrasse, a well-to-do section. A marble staircase with a red carpet led them to his apartment. Before dinner, Ernst's new friend, whose name was Otto von Ledemberg, presented Ernst to his grandmother and to his sister Ulla, an elegant young lady of rather independent political convictions.

Many things happened within a few weeks. Stoeffel told Ernst that their Communist unit was going to attack a meeting of the Moabit Nazis. He added: 'This time it will come off. We were betrayed once, but this time we shall succeed.'

Ernst kept silent, but as soon as Stoeffel left him, he went to Altonastrasse to warn Otto. On the evening of the meeting, the Nazis, who had been warned about the attack, were able to put up an unexpected defense. There were victims on both sides. Ernst did his part in other ways: when he was posted by the Communists as a lookout, he did not give warning when the police came. His own people became suspicious.

For two days Ernst did not leave home. Then somebody rang the doorbell and his mother opened the door. It was Stoeffel. From the next room Ernst heard their conversation.

'You are limping?' the mother asked.

'Yes,' Stoeffel replied. 'The day before yesterday we were betrayed.' And after a pause he added: 'Have you not been told?'

His mother understood immediately that her son had some part in this affair. Without answering anything, she went into the kitchen to make coffee for her guest. There she looked silently at Ernst, who had concealed himself between the door and the cupboard. When she came back to Stoeffel, the latter spoke more openly:—

'Your son seems to have entered the service of the barons. He had better move out of here, as I cannot answer for the comrades.'

He left, limping from his recent wound. They could hear his heavy steps down the staircase. Ernst faced his mother. She had not a word of reproach for him, resigned to the hard fate that drove all her men into politics—first her father, then her husband, now her son.

Ernst found refuge among the Nazis. For a week he was unable to

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communicate with his mother. He learned later that she committed suicide by turning on the gas, believing that her son had been killed by the Communists. From that day on Ernst became a fanatical member of his new Party.

III

All this had come to Ernst's mind, for perhaps the tenth time since the capture, when an orderly came to tell him that the prisoner Stoeffel wanted to speak to him. Ernst had prepared what he had to say in advance, but in the presence of the prisoner he was so troubled that he could only stammer:—

'I am sorry for this, Stoeffel, but I can only do my duty. The German people. . . .'

The Communist interrupted him:—

'Listen, my boy, do not speak about the people. Your father and mother came from the people; but you, you are wearing an officer's uniform. If tomorrow there were a hunger riot in Berlin, you would fire on the people.'

'If the people were not with us,' Stoeffel went on, 'do you think we would be forbidden to speak to them? Would I be condemned to die under the axe for having distributed those leaflets? Tell me, will it be the axe?' In spite of himself, he cried out these last words. And the two of them dumbly contemplated the picture they brought up.

'Since you are arrested only for distributing the leaflets,' Ernst said, 'perhaps. . . .'

'Yes, I know, a concentration camp. Well, I have a bullet in my lungs.' And he touched his chest. As he breathed, he seemed to wait for the accustomed ache, as if to reassure himself that everything was in order for his death. Then he continued: 'Rather than take six months to die there, I would prefer to finish it right away. That is reasonable, is it not? Have you got the tobacco pouch they took away from me last night? Have you got it on you?' Stoeffel repeated, stretching out his hand.

Ernst gave it to him. Stoeffel opened it slowly, and Ernst could see that it was filled with a white powder. Then the old Communist regarded Ernst gravely, and began to reflect aloud:—

'You were able to get out by letting down your comrades. Some people can do it. And yet it is a pity. If the workers would only realize that they are brothers. . . .'

Ernst wanted to answer, but his eyes fell on the door of the cell and he kept silent. Stoeffel still looked at him with what seemed like an affectionate interest—like a father anxious about the future of a son who had forsaken family tradition for a life of dangerous and uncertain adventure.

'Right now these people need you, so that you have a chance to get on in the world. You look pretty well fed.' Ernst winced. No other reproach could have hurt him more. 'But they are going to make a policeman out of you. Your father would not have liked you to become a policeman.'

A policeman! In the beginning of the civil strife, Ernst had considered himself a soldier, but it was true that now that the cause had triumphed, his fighter's task had been insensibly transformed into that of a policeman. He could not help stealing a furtive look at the insignia on his uniform, of which he used to be so proud.

'I am afraid for you,' Stoeffel pur-

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sued. 'They will never quite accept you as one of themselves. When we strike—and we shall, soon enough—they will probably be able to wriggle out. But those like you who stand between them and the people. . . .'

He grew more and more absorbed in his thoughts. His hand closed more firmly on the little pouch of poison, as if to reassure himself of its presence. He murmured: 'Thank you for the pouch, my boy.'

Ernst left him with those thanks sounding in his ears. He was so troubled that he forgot to acknowledge the guard's salute. Then a sudden thought brought him a vague sense of relief. Thanks to the poison, his past was about to disappear.

IV

Around four o'clock in the afternoon, Ernst was told that the prisoner had been found dead in the cell. He didn't dare to look at the body. And because he did not see it as it was in reality, he was haunted by images of his own making. Stoeffel's mute face rose before him again and again, wasted and resigned. Ernst tried to chase away the apparition. He began to prepare a lecture which he was to give to his men next day. Feverishly he ran through his notes: here a quotation from Goebbels, another from Darré there. . . . But Stoeffel was always before him. Sometimes it was the face he saw in the factory, the lights full upon it; sometimes it was the gray and weary face of the prisoner who spoke about death with detachment and even with kindness.

Ernst went to see his friend Otto von Ledemberg, whose room was next to his own. The Captain was stretched out on his bed, smoking a cigar. An attack of conscience! Hell, he was far past that! He tried to comfort Ernst with the usual formulas. 'We have no right to get soft. We are living in hard times. Germany is a fortress.' Ernst was tempted to reply to him in words of one of their adversaries: 'Yes, a fortress. But it is her own people whom she holds imprisoned within its walls.' He felt humiliated to find himself the prey of old ideas which he believed had been erased forever from his mind.

Von Ledemberg, rising from his bed, looked at his friend attentively:—

'I know what's the matter with you. The monotony of life in the barracks is beginning to get you. I felt that way myself. I tell you what. Why don't you go to Spain? I can fix it up for you. There you will be able to fight for the glory of Fascism. Here, read this!'

Ernst picked up a copy of *Mein Kampf*, lying open on the desk. A few phrases were underlined: 'All-powerful God, bless our weapons. Judge if we have merited liberty. Bless our struggle.'

Comforted, he left his friend's room. The latter stretched out on his bed. He was wrapped in thought. Certainly, he was very fond of Ernst, but he would rather see him dead than have him falter in his convictions. Ernst a deserter! That would be a double catastrophe, for he was the boy's sponsor.

Yes, Spain was the answer!

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Persons and Personages

Editor of 'The Thunderer'

From the *Parade*, London Monthly Digest

A MIGHTY man, but a figure of mystery to the general public, is Geoffrey Dawson. As editor of the *Times*, Mr. Dawson is unofficial spokesman of Conservative Government opinion, and wields an influence on national life fully equal to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury or any single Cabinet Minister.

Respected Mr. Dawson's carefully cultivated anonymity was punctured recently by Bernard Falk, former editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*, and one of the men who helped Lord Northcliffe change British journalism from badly-paid hack-work to the status of a profession.

When Lord Northcliffe bought control of the *Times* in 1908, he determined to oust the hoary tradition on which 'The Thunderer' was based and remarked: 'I sell newspapers, not soporifics.'

After a respectable interval had elapsed he shook hands with Editor George Earle Buckle and appointed a thirty-nine-year-old journalist named Geoffrey Robinson.

In 1917, to comply with the terms of a settlement made before his birth, Mr. Robinson changed his name to Dawson. Until February, 1919, he edited the *Times* with skill but friction, and then, after much deliberation, sent in his resignation because Lord Northcliffe had for weeks shown himself 'constantly dissatisfied with the policy of the *Times*, on the ground that it differed from his own expressions of opinion in other newspapers.'

What Geoffrey Dawson really meant was that he resented the *Times* being turned into a second *Daily Mail*.

But three years later Lord Northcliffe died of endocarditis and left a will giving John Walter, from whom he had bought the *Times* control, an option of repurchase. This Mr. Walter did for £1,500,000 with the help of Major John Jacob Astor, M.P., outbidding Northcliffe's brother, Lord Rothermere, who was backed by rich Sir John Ellerman.

John Walter's first switch back to the 'good old days' was to bring Geoffrey Dawson back as editor in 1923. Between his two spells in the chair, Dawson had been acting as secretary to Lord Milner's Rhodes Trust.

Today the former Mr. Robinson is still the *Times* editor, surrounded

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by a heavy curtain of personal secrecy which even keen journalist Falk has found it difficult to penetrate.

In appearance he is of medium height and sturdy build—dark, clean-shaven, with a face whose intent expression is suggestive of grim determination.

Mentally, temperamentally and physically cold and impassionate, Editor Dawson has all the characteristics of a civil servant.

Though he regards Mr. Dawson as a successful editor, Falk finds almost as many faults with 'Grandmother *Times*' as do the enthusiastic young eaglets who are out to revolutionize British journalism.

Were Northcliffe to rise from the grave, he believes, he would find the *Times* responding too slowly to the world's changing taste, and lacking in the element of surprise. It needs to be gingered by provocative features, livelier presentation. But the newsprint, type and ink are good and the paper itself shows broad humanity, high moral tone, studied fairness.

Paul Emile Janson

By F.

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German Coördinated Daily

FOR more than half a century the Premier of Belgium has come from the ranks of the Catholic Party. This was true even of former Premier Van Zeeland, who, while not regarding himself as a member of that Party, nevertheless came from the Catholic ranks. Among the men who were entrusted by the King with the formation of a new Cabinet after Van Zeeland's resignation was another Catholic, Senator Pierlot. Before him a Socialist, de Man, and after him still another Socialist, Foreign Minister Spaak, had tried the same task. It was only after all these men had failed that King Leopold turned to a Liberal, Paul Emile Janson, who had not been a member of Parliament since 1936.

The main difficulty was to find a successor who could put new vigor into Van Zeeland's rather shopworn platform of 'National Unity' and so manage the three chief Parties—the Catholics, Socialists and Liberals—that creative work could continue. Van Zeeland had succeeded in holding these three Parties together in his Cabinet despite their divergent tendencies. Were the obstacles which Janson encountered in his first attempt to form a Government an indication of the instability of his Cabinet—which was only formed as a result of his second attempt? Will it be immediately crushed between the Parties, or does his final success indicate that there will be a return of efficient and progressive

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administration? These are the questions in which every Belgian is concerned at the present time. The past career of the new Premier throws considerable light on his character, and gives at least an indication of what may be expected of him.

Janson was born in 1872 in Brussels; so he is already sixty-five years old. In his professional career as a lawyer, as well as in politics, he can look back upon a series of successes. His political activities reach back for more than a quarter of a century, although he was not continuously in the political arena. He entered Parliament for the first time in 1910, as a Liberal Deputy from Brussels. Although he failed of reëlection in 1912, he again became a Deputy in 1914, from Tournai. After the German invasion of Belgium, Janson lived for some time in London and in France. His fellow-countrymen still remember his self-sacrificing activities during the War. In February, 1920, he became an active member of the Government for the first time, taking over the War Ministry under Premier Delacroix. It was largely due to him that the Franco-Belgian Defense Pact was concluded. He resigned, however, after serving a little more than six months, to return to his legal practice. From 1927 to 1931, Janson was Minister of Justice, and received the title of Minister of State from King Albert. After a brief interval he again took over the Ministry of Justice in October, 1932, and retained the post until June, 1934. In 1935 the elected Senators 'coöpted' him as a Senator, according to Belgian practice; but he was not elected to the Senate and has not been a member of Parliament since.

AS POLITICIAN and lawyer, Janson has gained the reputation of being a good orator, but less on account of the brilliance of his rhetoric than because of the convincing power of his interpretations. Nothing is more alien to Janson than stubbornness in clinging to Party doctrines. His conciliatory attitude, which partly explains his success in negotiation, is recognized even by his opponents. It is assumed, and probably rightly so, that he regards politics as the 'art of the possible.' His conciliatory tendencies are combined with a strong sense of justice and independence of judgment. These qualities aroused complaints against him during his career as Minister of Justice, when it was held that he was actually favoring the members of other parties in filling the posts on his staff. His own Party contends that he does not adhere closely enough to Party doctrine. And it is precisely for this reason that the younger members of the Party hold aloof from the new Premier. These young Liberals, who stress their Party doctrine with all the polemical powers at their disposal, will probably cause the experienced and restrained Janson a great deal of worry.

Janson is no economist, as was Van Zeeland. It is likely, therefore,

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that his influence in economics will be largely based on political considerations, from which approach he can be expected to find compromises between the many conflicting economic views held by members of the Cabinet. The strongest of these, of course, is represented by the shrewd and influential de Man, his Minister of Finance. We shall probably learn very soon whether Janson will have enough authority to reconcile the rival economic camps. For the new Cabinet finds itself immediately confronted by the task of liquidating Van Zeeland's budget, but at the same time continuing his general economic, financial and social policies.

A New Merchant of Death

By S. Vaugh

Translated from *Œuvre*, Paris Radical Socialist Daily

WHEN mysterious old Sir Basil Zaharoff, the 'gray wolf,' finally passed on, the whole world wondered who would be his successor. Today it is possible to answer this question. Europe has a new 'armaments king,' a new 'man in the shadow.' This time he is no polyglot from Eastern Europe, but a full-blooded Irishman. His name is Denis Michael Corrigan. His luxurious Park Lane apartment in London is the headquarters from which he directs an army of agents. Now that the armaments race is at its height, Corrigan's agents are selling his fatal wares at great profit.

The career of Basil Zaharoff's successor is, like that of his predecessor, one of adventure. As a youth he dreamed of being a teacher. But the War came when he was only twenty years old, and in the mud of Flanders he fought so well that he became an officer. When he returned home after the War, the idea of becoming a teacher in his small village had been forgotten. The great adventure had swept him away into other, more dangerous, paths.

It is useful to remember that Corrigan is an Irishman and that he sprang from a family that had always fought for the country's independence. He had spent the early years of his youth far from the Emerald Isle as an exile in the United States, the home of so many Irishmen who had fled the severity of their English masters. He learned the Irish revolutionary doctrines at the same time as his catechism. So it is not surprising that in 1919 he was back in Ireland fighting on the side of the Republicans or that he soon became one of their leaders.

In his novel, *The Informer*, Liam O'Flaherty has given an accurate and vivid picture of the guerrilla warfare that the Irishmen were carrying on against the 'Blacks and Tans,' as the British troops were called. In

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that book young Corrigan, for he was still in his middle twenties, is shown playing a great rôle. Incidentally he was gaining valuable experience for the career he was ultimately to adopt, although he was not aware of it at the time. Hidden munition depots, espionage work, secret councils of war and tribunals in cellars—this was the atmosphere in which Corrigan led a perilous existence for two years. He directed the Intelligence Service of the Irish Republicans, an organization modeled upon the British Intelligence Service. Eventually he was caught and imprisoned by one of Ireland's worst enemies, Brigadier-General Frank Percy Crozier.

WHEN Great Britain granted autonomy to Ireland in 1922 and brought the revolt to an end, Corrigan had to look for a new occupation. During his revolutionary activity in Dublin he had come into contact with many arms and munitions merchants. He got in touch with these acquaintances and, aided by a knowledge of several languages which he had somehow acquired, he was soon able to enter into the international circle of 'the merchants of death.' Again he made use of his experience during the Irish Revolution—he established his own private intelligence service. This organization is now said to be better informed about the armaments supplies and needs of various countries than the British Intelligence Service itself.

Corrigan is always smartly dressed in navy blue. He is superstitious: he wore a suit of that color when fortune first smiled on him. He drinks innumerable cups of very strong coffee the whole day long. Those are the two characteristics which immediately strike his visitors, some of whom he does not treat any too gently. It is said that not long ago he personally threw out of his Mayfair apartment the representatives of two South American countries whom he suspected of working against British interests.

It is a strange thing: when Ireland's demands had been satisfied, Corrigan became so well reconciled to England that he is careful not to enter any deal that might not be to her interest. He is very scrupulous on this point. Here he is very different from Sir Basil, who used to sell armaments to friend and foe alike with a fine impartiality. Only recently Corrigan recalled a ship loaded with explosives when he learned that the cargo was ultimately destined to help the Wazirs in their uprising against the British on the Northwest Frontier of India.

When England prohibited the shipment of armaments to Spain, Corrigan risked his ships in delivering frozen meat to the famished people of Spain. For this he received only 1 per cent of the profits. But if one remembers Basil Zaharoff and how he used to play on the best emotions of patriotism and idealism, judgment must be reserved on the humanitarian sentiments of his successor, Denis Michael Corrigan.

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There is not the slightest doubt that Corrigan's power is growing from day to day. While the world was still hoping to reach some sort of disarmament agreement, Corrigan was skeptical. He bought or obtained options on a large stock of scrap. He still has 350,000 tons of steel at his disposal. Since metal is at a premium just now, this reserve and the information gathered by his secret service enable him to exert a strong influence upon the British rearmament program.

Corrigan is said to have only one really close friend. This friend, Bill, thinks that Mr. Corrigan is the best of men; but it is only fair to reveal that Bill is a dog.

Schacht's Successor

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

FANATICAL National Socialist defenders of race purity will hardly be pleased with the change that has taken place in the Reich Ministry of Economics. Dr. Schacht, who was a tall, blond Nordic, has disappeared to make room for a decidedly '*ostisch*' type of man. Walther Funk, his successor, has marked Slavic features—features and physical traits which one frequently finds in the Eastern Provinces of the Reich. He comes from Trakehnen in East Prussia, where he was born in 1890. He is short and stout, broad-shouldered and bull-necked. He looks more like the director of a Provincial theater than a serious economist.

Walther Funk is, nevertheless, a man of great ability. When he was editor of the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*, he was regarded by his colleagues as reliable and easy going. He is an excellent musician and by no means a teetotaler. He knows the best years for wine from the Rhine and Bordeaux. And no one knows better than he where to find the best beer in Berlin.

Despite the outward contrast between the men, and the circumstances surrounding the change, it would be a mistake to put Funk down as an ideological opponent of Schacht. Funk owes his career to his ability as a propagandist rather than to any opposition to Schacht's policies. A talented journalist, Funk was appointed editor of the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* when he was comparatively young. In this position he proved to be a staunch defender of private capitalism. He opposed Socialist ideas and fought against inflation. Even before the great currency *débâcle* of 1923 he had devised a scheme for the stabilization of the mark. But it was Schacht's plan that was adopted.

Although a convinced disciple of the Right, Funk kept as aloof from

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active politics as possible. It was not he who cultivated the connections which for some time made the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* appear to be the mouthpiece of the Reichswehr.

Like every other born journalist, Funk was fond of complaining about his fate. In 1930 he paraphrased Goethe's verses and wrote under a photograph of his which was to be published in the press almanac: '*Nur wer die Börse kennt, weisst was ich leide*—Only he who knows what the stock market is, knows what I suffer.'

Not until 1930, when Schacht resigned as President of the Reichsbank, did Funk give up his position with the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* to approach Hitler, whose economic adviser he became in 1931. This explains why, after the Nazis had seized power, this former bourgeois journalist became Reich Press Chief in the Propaganda Ministry, and thus Dr. Goebbels's principal assistant. But that did not prevent Funk from maintaining his relations with business circles. While his chief, Dr. Goebbels, preferred to gain his laurels at mass meetings, Funk delivered his speeches in the more select circles of industrialists and bankers. Thanks to the confidence which Hitler placed in him, he served as a link between the future Führer and Big Business.

The past of the new Minister, therefore, does not indicate that he will deviate strongly from the policies and tactics of Dr. Schacht. But the fact remains that Göring will find it easier to handle and direct the new Minister than he did Schacht, since Funk has not the powerful personality of his predecessor.

Only an Accessory

German women are excluded from every phase of the social, industrial and political life of the State in much the same fashion as Jews have been excluded, though the same tactics cannot be used, as woman is a necessary, even though only an accessory, being.

—Paolo Monelli in *Gazetta del Popolo*, Milan

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Japan's foremost authority on international law attacks the century-old American policy as illegal and unjust.

The Monroe Doctrine *of* Injustice

By SAKUTARO TACHI

From *Contemporary Japan*
Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

THE Monroe Doctrine can be said to contain three basic principles. According to the first, the United States is never to meddle in the internal affairs of the European countries. This was a reciprocal element which gave to the Monroe Doctrine, as originally conceived, the merit of being well balanced. It was but natural that the Doctrine, which was aimed primarily at preventing further political influence of non-American nations from entering the American continents, should also deny any attempt on the part of the United States to extend its political influence beyond those continents.

The quintessence of the Monroe Doctrine, however, is to be found in the second and third principles. The second principle opposes any attempt on the part of the European nations to extend their systems to any part of the American continents, or to control the destiny of, or to oppress, the new governments on the American continents which had already achieved independence, as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States.

In other words, the second principle may be called an anti-interference principle because it rejects all sorts of interference by non-American nations in American affairs. The declaration of this principle was motivated by the indications at that time that the members of the Holy Alliance, which then held sway in Europe, would extend their so-called legitimism to the American continents. In such circumstances, this formed the most important principle of the Monroe Doctrine.

The third principle stipulates that the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subject to future colonization by any European Power. At the time of the declaration of this principle, there was a fear that Russia, which had claimed an exclusive right to the territory ly-

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ing between the extreme north of the American continents and the 51st degree of north latitude in accordance with the decree of the Tsar of September 4, 1821, might attempt to advance farther southward. Great Britain, too, then maintained the view that any tract of unoccupied land on the American continents might be colonized on the strength of discovery and occupation. In brief, the third principle of the Monroe Doctrine was motivated by the claims of Russia and Great Britain, and may be called an anti-colonization principle.

II

The Monroe Doctrine has come to be interpreted in a wider sense along with the national expansion of the United States and the development of the policy of that country toward imperialistic tendencies. The second and third principles were originally aimed at the political separation of the American continents from Europe, but in the expanded sense they are intended to be applicable to their relations with Japan as well. It is to be noted in this connection that, as to their application to American relations with Europe, these principles would seem to carry their own justification, as they are accompanied by the compensatory principle of isolation; but that, so far as relations with Japan are concerned, the application of the principles can hardly be justified from the standpoint of equity because the United States, while prohibiting the extension of the political influence of Japan to the province of the Monroe Doctrine, does not hesitate to encroach upon the sphere of Japanese interests in Eastern Asia.

Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, of Harvard University, wrote in 1909:—

> If Asia does not come within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, why should the Asiatic Powers feel bound to observe it? If it has not prevented the Americans from establishing themselves in the Eastern Hemisphere, how can it exclude the Japanese from the Western? Would Japanese possession of Ecuador, let us say, be more serious for the United States than American ownership of the Philippines is for Japan? . . . We can only reply that facts have to be taken as they are. Ten years ago, Japan was not in a position to defend the principle of 'Asia for the Asiatics;' and today she has to accept the existing situation, just as the United States has to with regard to European possessions in the New World.

We may infer from Professor Coolidge's statement that when a country has the real power to create and maintain such a doctrine as the Monroe Doctrine, and a position based on the doctrine, and when a *fait accompli* is thus brought about, there will be no other course for other countries to follow than to approve or acquiesce in the said doctrine. This is an argument which defends accomplished facts, not on the strength of reason, but by relying upon the real power which creates and maintains them.

The second principle of the Monroe Doctrine was originally intended, let us repeat, merely to exclude any attempt on the part of any European Powers to extend their system to any portion of the American continents, or to control the destiny of, or to oppress, the new governments in those continents which had already achieved independence at the time of the declaration of the principle. This

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principle has now been so extended as to exclude not only control or oppression but all sorts of political connection and coöperation on the part of non-American nations in and with affairs which concern the political system or diplomatic relations of any American nation. Such coöperation has often been opposed by the United States, even in cases where the government of an American nation willed it, on the ground that the political influence of non-American nations would otherwise be extended to the American continents.

Intervention by the United States in the name of the Monroe Doctrine is not directed exclusively against non-American nations. If the internal disturbances or domestic irregularities of an American nation give cause for apprehension of intervention or of the employment of some other forcible measures by a non-American Power toward the said American nation, or if the internal disorganization of an American republic affects the passage through the Panama Canal, the United States has been accustomed to intervene in the affairs of the American nation concerned. Thus the principle of non-interference which the Monroe Doctrine imposes upon non-American Powers with regard to American affairs is found to carry as its complement a principle of interference on the part of the United States with the internal affairs of other American nations.

III

As already stated, the third principle was originally aimed at the prevention of future colonization of any part of the American continents by European Powers. The scope of this principle was also expanded so as to oppose the acquisition by any non-American nation of any portion of American territory by any means—war, colonization, or cession—even with the free consent of the ceding State.

As a result of the extension of the anti-colonization principle, not only the right of non-American nations to acquire land according to international law is denied, but even the free will of American nations is restrained and their sovereignty, which empowers them to cede their territory if they choose to do so, is fettered. Thus the extension of the principle results in interference by the United States with some American nations. It sometimes happens that the United States, in pursuance of the above-mentioned expansion of the Doctrine, refuses to tolerate even a temporary occupation of American soil by any non-American nations at war with an American one. It is possible that a non-American nation is thus deprived of the only means to obtain redress from an American Republic. Furthermore, the expanded anti-colonization principle is opposed to the acquisition of business concessions within a specified area of American territory by any private company of non-American nationality when the area is considered capable of utilization for military or naval purposes against the United States. In this respect, we may recall the Lodge Resolution of August 2, 1912, when the question of a Japanese business concession on Magdalena Bay in Mexico was under consideration.

President Theodore Roosevelt urged that the United States should play the rôle of a 'receiver' and take steps to

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guarantee the security of genuine claims of non-American nations in order to prevent their occupation of American customs or land as a means of securing their claims. Here we again find a motive for interference by the United States with American nations in return for the imposition of the principle of non-interference upon non-American nations with regard to American affairs.

Meanwhile, Argentina, Brazil and Chile, second only to the United States in national strength among the American nations, began to manifest their dissatisfaction with the claim of the United States to a special position in the American continents in the name of the Monroe Doctrine. The doctrine became unpopular even among the American States which had benefited by it, because in its name the United States followed a policy of hegemony over these regions bordering on the Caribbean Sea and adjacent to the Panama Canal. Consequently, Root, Hughes and Hoover successively denied that the Monroe Doctrine had as its object either the establishment of superiority for the United States over other American nations or the creation of protectorates in the American continents for the United States, or that the Doctrine formed a basis for interference with other American nations. They emphasized that the Monroe Doctrine concerned the relations between the United States and the European Powers, not those between the United States and the Latin American nations. Hughes, in particular, endeavored to urge a view that the unpopular Caribbean policy of the United States had nothing to do with the Monroe Doctrine. Of late, the Government of the United States has repeatedly announced that the United States means to follow a genuine good-neighbor policy, and has not the slightest intention of interfering with the Latin American nations.

Some scholars have maintained that the Monroe Doctrine is a principle common to all American nations. President Wilson, for example, urged such a view and several statesmen belonging to the American Republics other than the United States have also tried, hitherto in vain, to give to the doctrine the quality of being a common policy of all the American Republics by depriving the United States of the liberty of defining or changing its substance at its discretion. But the fact remains that the successive authorities of the United States have cherished a pretension to the effect that the Monroe Doctrine is distinctly the policy of the United States, and maintained by its strength.

IV

It may not be improper to regard the Monroe Doctrine as a special element in the policy of a particular nation in spite of its characteristic of being subject to changes in substance and interpretation now and then at the discretion of the authorities of that nation. But if the United States means to reserve the interpretation and application of the doctrine to itself, an international agreement to coöperate for its maintenance is evidently impossible. So long as that pretension is not relinquished, and its interpretation and application are to be determined solely by the United States, then the Monroe Doctrine cannot become a principle common to

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all the American Republics, much less a principle of law commanding world-wide recognition.

Those who attempt to justify the Monroe Doctrine in the light of international law argue that the Doctrine is based on the right of self-defense, the right of self-preservation, or the right of self-protection. But the present broad scope of the Monroe Doctrine cannot be explained away by the 'right of self-defense,' taken in its strict sense. The true international right of self-defense is to be taken as an emergency right which arises only on occasions of imminent danger caused by an unlawful attack. The fact that the interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine are reserved to the United States alone is sufficient to prove that the Doctrine does not imply the right of self-defense in international law.

The right of self-preservation in its broad sense is often construed as comprising all sorts of liberties connected with claims to existence and expansion. But if there should exist a necessity of recognizing a true special right with regard to self-preservation, it must be that right *sensu stricto* as an emergency right which overrides the ordinary rights of other nations.

Whether such an emergency right is to be recognized apart from the right of self-defense is a question on which scholars are divided. Even if such a right of self-preservation *sensu stricto* exists to justify the action of a nation in ignoring the ordinary rights of other nations when urged by necessity to maintain its own existence or its essential interests, such a right must be exercised only when a grave danger is imminent. The Monroe Doctrine cannot be explained away by the right of self-preservation in its narrow sense as it denies the right of other countries to acquire or cede territory merely on the ground that the American continent is involved.

It is also difficult to recognize the right of self-protection as a right in the domain of international law, standing apart from the right of self-defense and the right of self-preservation. If this expression refers to the power to resort to reprisals or to war for the sake of self-protection, it then has nothing to do with the special claims pertaining to the Monroe Doctrine. The attempt to defend the Monroe Doctrine from the legal point of view by the alleged right of self-protection, after finding that the doctrine cannot be explained away by the ideas of the right of self-defense or of that of self-preservation, is doomed to failure as an argument based on international law.

The anti-interference principle contained in the Monroe Doctrine in its original form may be considered as having been in accord with the non-intervention principle in international law. The anti-colonization principle contained in the original doctrine, however, could not be said to form a principle in consonance with international law because it denied the right of a nation to expand by occupation of new territory by blocking future colonization of any part of the American continents to the European Powers.

Moreover, the Monroe Doctrine is, in its extended scope, opposed to the acquisition of any portion of American territory by non-American nations even by peaceful negotiations for territorial cession with American States,

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and not by means of war. This renders the doctrine not quite justifiable in the light of international law because it ignores the rights of both the American nations and non-American ones to cede or to acquire territories. When the Lodge Resolution and the Roosevelt corollary of the Monroe Doctrine are taken into account, the Monroe Doctrine cannot escape being regarded as a principle of interference running counter to the principle of non-intervention in international law.

V

The question that next arises is whether or not the Monroe Doctrine has ever secured a position in international law on the strength of special treaties. It is a fact that the Monroe Doctrine was mentioned in Article 21 of the League Covenant and reservations in regard to the Doctrine have also been made in connection with many treaties. In the conclusion of the various treaties of arbitration since 1928, for example, the United States has made a reservation to the effect that matters concerning the Monroe Doctrine should not be referred to arbitration.

There is no ground to regard the Monroe Doctrine as a principle having a foundation in international law merely because reservations with regard to it have been made in treaties concerning the settlement of international disputes. Reservations with regard to the vital interests of certain signatory Powers are frequently made in such treaties. In approving such reservations of the United States, other signatory Powers concerned must be held merely to have recognized the existence of such a principle in the policy of the United States and to have agreed to exclude it from the application of the treaties concerned.

Article 21 of the League Covenant has failed to serve the purpose of making any effectual reservations concerning the Monroe Doctrine, not only because the United States did not ratify the Versailles Treaty and other peace treaties concluded following the World War, but also because the Doctrine is mentioned in the article as being of a nature which is in reality not possessed by it. The said article provides: 'Nothing in the Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace.' Yet the Monroe Doctrine, though mentioned in the Covenant, actually has no relationship whatever to the Covenant, because it cannot be regarded as a regional understanding of an international nature or as an international engagement, since its interpretation and application are to be determined by the United States alone. This leads to the conclusion that the said article does not give the doctrine any basis in international law.

At the Paris Peace Conference, President Wilson argued that the aim of the Monroe Doctrine was the protection of the independence of small nations, and that Article 10 of the Covenant was nothing more or less than the Monroe Doctrine raised to the importance of a general principle. The argument of protection of the independence of small nations is, however, of secondary importance in the Monroe Doctrine and is to be urged

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on condition that such protection is in accord with the interests of the United States. The peace and security of the United States was the paramount consideration concerning the Doctrine from the very beginning.

VI

The Monroe Doctrine could be justified as a principle of policy for the maintenance of the interests of the United States under the conditions which prevailed at the time of its proclamation in 1823. The conditions, both in and outside the United States, however, have radically changed since then. Today, the economic strength of the United States may be said to have grown greater than that of any other country. Its power of national defense has also remarkably increased. The United States is now not only the strongest nation on the American continent's but is, as against all other Powers, in a position which removes all possible reasons for it to insist on such special interests in the American continents as the United States is not prepared to concede to other nations in other continents under the plea of the Monroe Doctrine.

Lastly, a word may be added with reference to the value of the Monroe Doctrine from the point of view of equity. The Monroe Doctrine was originally proclaimed as upholding the principle of isolation as well as the anti-interference principle and the anti-colonization principle. Thus the Doctrine found its justification in the principle of reciprocity and maintained its virtue in point of equity. Now, however, the principle of isolation has come to be ignored and the United States not infrequently attempts to interfere in non-American affairs. At the end of the World War, President Wilson intervened in the revision of the political map of Europe by urging the principle of self-determination of peoples. The principle of isolation has never been recognized as applicable to Asia and yet, in the extended scope of the Monroe Doctrine, the anti-interference and anti-colonization principles are declared applicable to Japan. Thus the United States, while refusing to admit others into its own province, does not hesitate to trespass on the premises of others.

All things considered, it must be said that the Monroe Doctrine has lost both the ground for its justification as a whole and the virtue of equity which existed in its original form, and which furnished its principal justification in the eyes of other nations.

God's Empire

These books (of the Bible) were written over a long period of time. It took God longer to write the Bible than it has taken Him to build the British Empire.
—From *Modern Evangelism*, by William C. Macdonald.

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A description of life on the mighty Yangtze—China's jugular; how the great refugee problem is being solved; some light on the mysterious 'Triad.'

Sidelights *on* China

I. River of Destiny

By Campbell Dixon

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Independent Conservative Daily

'*H.M.S.* Capetown, *a 4,200-ton cruiser, left Hankow on a dash to Shanghai to escape the boom now being built across the Yangtze at Kiukiang.*'

ADD to that news item the fact that Hankow is 600 miles from Shanghai, that even there the river, a mile wide, can be navigated in summer by 10,000-ton liners, and that British gunboats have saved lives at Ichang, 1,000 miles from the sea. Then you have some idea of the immensity of the Yangtze, the river of destiny which the world now watches so anxiously.

In actual length the Yangtze is either third or fourth among great rivers. Its upper reaches have never been accurately mapped. Measured in terms of international commerce and power of life and death over countless millions of people, it is incomparably the greatest, the most dramatic river in the world.

During most of its course the Yangtze is known to the Chinese simply as '*Kiang*'—'the River.' Other rivers have names. *The* river could only mean the Yangtze.

Half the entire population of the country lives in the 689,000 square miles of the Yangtze basin. In no other continent is there a great area of such abounding, astonishing fertility. What the Nile does for 20,000,000 Egyptians and Sudanese, the Yangtze does for 200,000,000 Chinese, all of them dependent, directly or indirectly, on the river for the necessaries of life.

Its functions are threefold. To begin with, it waters their crops—and the struggle of the Chinese for existence is so relentless that even in Szechuan, most fertile of the eighteen Provinces, many peasants cannot afford to rest content with two crops a year. They plant yet a third in the river flats, on

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the chance that it can be gathered before the river is swollen by the melting snows of Tibet and sweeps away its yield.

Can you wonder that the Chinese are habitual gamblers, ready to stake their shirts on anything from mah-jongg to a contest of battling crickets?

The river's second function is that of carrier. Roads in China are almost unknown, some of the railways exist only on 'face'-giving maps, and commerce would be impossible without the Yangtze. On it ply the fleets of Jardine, Matheson and Company, Butterfield and Swire, the Dollar Line of America, the Sino-French Steamship Navigation Company, the Japanese Nisshin Kisen Kaisha and the China Merchants' Steamship Navigation Company. From Shanghai alone there are over 14,000 departures of inland steamers every year.

The teeming life of the rivers is one of the most fascinating features of the Chinese scene. The junk people are a class apart. They have their own priests, tradesmen and beggars; on the river they are born and married, and on the river they die. The junks are their only home. Fowls, dogs, pigs and babies occupy the decks, the children without any protection against drowning except perhaps (in the case of boys, worth preserving) a rope or a pig's bladder tied to the waist. If they do fall into the river the bladder may keep them afloat till somebody can fish them out again. A curious, disconcerting spectacle, useful as a reminder that in a land where everything is cheap, nothing is quite so cheap as human life.

Hankow, with its junks packed side by side for five miles around the mouth of the Hanshui, is only one of a score of Yangtze cities where you find the same amazing pullulation. Some 25,000 junks trade out of Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang; the total floating population of the Yangtze might be anything up to 1,000,000.

Up the river junks laboriously carry cotton goods, hardware, sugar and the more prosaic imports from the West and, latterly, Japan. Down river the *Potszmachiowei*—Szechuan boats that trade up to Pingshan, 1,700 miles from the sea—bring tea and silk and the exotic products of the upper Yangtze: sesame oil, lacquer, cow-bones and pine bark, paper and straw rope, dried mushrooms, peppers, rape-seed and the strange ingredients of Chinese medicines.

It is a hard life the junk-men lead, sailing their heavy craft up river when they can, rowing or pulling when both wind and current are against them. But their lot is luxury itself compared with that of the track-men, who haul junks up-stream through the fury of the Yangtze Gorges.

Dr. Albert Gervais, the brilliant, ironical Frenchman who spent seven years in Szechuan, has given us a haunting picture of these wretched men (there may be four hundred pulling one junk), clinging to precipitous paths above boiling rapids, pulling on a rope 1,200 feet long, flicked off like flies if the junk should be swung back:—

> They pulled in rhythm to monotonous cries of *Ah . . . Yoob! . . . Oh . . . Yoob!* and walked bent forward, letting their full weight fall on the strap by which they were harnessed to the long bamboo rope. At each twist of the stream the rope rubbed against the rocks, cutting deep grooves, in places three feet thick, with the slow friction of the years.

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> . . . The current was swift . . . the heat between the bare flanks of the mountains was appalling. . . . As band followed toiling band along the banks, their cry took on a deeper note, became more anguished. . . . *Ah* . . . *Yooh!* . . . *Oh* . . . *Yooh!* It echoed in the narrow gorges and lingered like a moan. Oh! the cry of the track-men on the upper rivers! It is of all sounds I know the most despairing. It is the profound expression of the heavy lot of man. It speaks of exhaustion and infinite suffering.

The Yangtze's third great function is cultural and diplomatic. It is Western and Central China's chief link with the southeast and the sea. It is, indeed, not so much a river as an elongated ocean, with its own navies protecting a vast commerce to and from ancient treaty ports like Chinkiang, Nanking, Wuhu, Kiukiang, Hankow, Yochow, Shasi, Ichang and Chungking.

The greatest of them all, Shanghai, is not at all ancient. A century ago it was just a few poor villages scattered over the mud flats at the mouth of the river. Its growth is paralleled only by Chicago's. It is already the fifth city of the world. Soon, many people think, it will have a population greater than that of London or New York.

Most remote of the Treaty Ports is Chungking, to which some of the Chinese Ministers have moved from Nanking. There, too, the Chinese art treasures that enchanted London a couple of years ago are being carried in a British steamer.

The estimated value of the collection is $50,000,000, but it would be juster to say that it is priceless. Its loss would be the greatest disaster to the arts in history. There is something infinitely pathetic and infinitely disturbing in the spectacle of masterpieces wrought by this peace-loving people, in ages when European barbarians fought in armor or in skins, now being carried secretly up river to escape destruction in this year of grace 1937.

Chungking, in the remote heart of Asia, 1,700 miles from the sea, is a city of 600,000 people, protected by what is probably the highest wall in the world, five miles long and 100 feet high. It is not likely that the Japanese armies will risk stretching their lines of communication so far, but Chungking, well above the Yangtze Gorges though it stands, can be reached by gunboats, and is, of course, well within the range of bombing planes operating from Nanking.

Strategically as well as commercially, the Power that controls the Yangtze is master of Central China.

Amongst foreign Powers Great Britain has been predominant for a century. There have been chapters of which no one feels proud in the history of British relations with China—the Opium War, which led to the Treaty of Nanking, for instance. The increasing vigilance of the Foreign Office checked abuses, and in recent years the relations of Great Britain and the Chinese Republic have been very friendly.

The founder of the Chinese Republic, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, more than once owed his life to British intervention. When I saw him in Canton in 1924, he was engaged in a furious battle with a gentleman always referred to by the Doctor's followers as 'the Usurper Mu;' a few weeks later Sun was saved from sudden death by flight in a British warship.

Now, British prestige—represented

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by the proportions of foreigners on the Council of the International Settlement at Shanghai, five British to two Americans and two Japanese—is being roughly challenged. Baron Shidehara, then acting Prime Minister of Japan, told me frankly in 1924 that Japan's destiny lay not in the South Seas, as Australia feared, but on the mainland of Asia.

Prophetic words. By 1932 Japanese military activity had spread from Manchuria as far south as Shanghai. Today, on the Yangtze they control Nanking, the classic capital of China, and Shanghai, the port through which passes the trade of one-eighth of the inhabitants of the world.

How far will ambition take them? How thin can the line of steel be spun without snapping? How long can British, American and Japanese forces patrol the Yangtze without even greater danger that 'incidents' will threaten peace?

These are grave questions—much graver than most people realize. And only time can give the answer.

II. Relations to the Rescue

By Hubert Freyn

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly, Red Cross Supplement

In their struggle for modernization, Chinese critics have made the country's traditional large-family organization one of their chief targets. Returned students, who had tasted the liberty of the individual in the West and had come to like the easy way of 'do as you please' without regard to innumerable relatives, found the family atmosphere oppressive—from grandfather to the latest baby cousin. Perhaps involuntarily, Western, and especially American, educational institutions did their part in spreading a different view about the time-honored obligations of the rising generation. Individualism became the catchword, as the old family structure seemed incompatible with modernity.

The sins of the old family institution were many: it was accused of stifling incentive, fostering laziness, breeding nepotism, suppressing individuality. It was felt to be despotic. Last but not least, it was considered a bar to progress and an enemy of patriotism. No doubt, since no human institution is perfect, the criticism was partly deserved—but only partly. Something was overlooked. Before there can be progress, reform, advancement, modernization, man must eat.

War has come. Chapei, Kiangwan, Nantao and Pootung are heaps of ruins. A million people without home, field, shop, job—without livelihood. What has become of them? Some 200,000 were evacuated to their native districts in the country. Another 125,000 are in refugee camps, 75,000 still on the streets; more than 500,000 are living with friends, and the number is steadily rising. Who are those 'friends' if not first of all the relatives? And where have the evacuated refugees gone but to their native villages, to some member of the family?

In this small Shanghai area alone, the maligned family system is responsible for maintaining the lives of per-

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haps three-quarters of a million people who would otherwise be starving. And wherever people have fled from the horrors of war, they have turned to their relatives for shelter. A couple having a *picul* of rice, and another having none is not the same as a family of four having one. The first will eat, the second will starve; in the family of four, all members will eat less but all will eat something.

And what is true of rice is true also of other things. In America, where small families and personal independence are the key-notes, the spoiled child who always fights for 'his' toys inevitably develops into the young son or daughter who cannot possibly live with the old folks because there is only one car, only one radio, which others might want to use. And if nation-wide distress forces these independent individuals to seek the shelter of relatives, the immediate results are frayed nerves, endless squabbles and general discord.

The large family teaches automatically a willingness to share. It also instils early in life a definite feeling of consideration and a readiness for sacrifice.

It means something to receive into one's crowded quarters—for in Shanghai's Central District the population density already ranged from 400 to 550 persons per *mow*—a large number of relations who have lost everything in the war zones. That is, for nearly all classes of the population except the quite wealthy. It has meant giving up what little comfort and convenience they enjoyed. It has meant distributing one's none too ample food among double or triple the number of mouths. It has meant sharing one's income, hardly adequate in peace time, with many jobless ones. It has meant sharing one's clothes and beds, mats and household utensils. And while I have heard many complaints about how hard the times are, I have not heard a single one directed against the immediate cause of a family's hardships, the involuntary guests themselves. For to take care of one's relatives in times of stress is still in China a matter of course.

It is true that Dr. Sun Yat-sen reproached his countrymen for being too narrow in their conception of their duties; they would give all for their family but not, as in the West, for their country. Family and clan consciousness, he preached, must be enlarged to embrace the nation. What a pity he is not among us today! For his exhortation has borne abundant fruit. The last three months offer literally numberless examples to prove beyond doubt that without in any way neglecting the family, the Chinese spirit of sacrifice has embraced the nation.

There is the story of a Chinese subeditor who for days on end appeared in the office with tired eyes but a happy smile. His appearance remained a mystery until his colleagues discovered the cause: night after night he had been sitting up with his family until 3 a.m. sewing soldier jackets. And like him many thousand families must have worked to make those several hundred thousand pieces.

Who has given the cloth to make these jackets, donated comforts, knitted gloves and sweaters, but these same hard-pressed families which, one might have supposed, would have their hands full just keeping themselves alive?

The other day, a young Chinese employee walked up to my desk and put-

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ting a dollar bill on it, asked: 'Can I, too, have one of those Red Cross calendars?' He earns nineteen dollars a month, has a wife and two children and used to live in Nantao with his parents.

Without in any way shirking their family responsibilities, crushing as they are at present, the Chinese people down to the humblest are showing in addition the most unselfish love for their country.

III. China's Unknown Rulers

By David Yeo

From the *Daily Dispatch*, Manchester Independent Daily

THE weapon most dreaded by Japan in her attempted conquest of China is a weapon more deadly than bullet or bomb. It is wielded by the mysterious and elusive body known as 'the Triad.'

This weapon is Authority—authority unquestioned, undisputed, inescapable and extending far beyond the confines of China. It was behind the Tai-ping Rebellion and the Boxer rising, and it was the secret force acting behind the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, which came into being in 1912 and established the first Chinese Republic.

Nobody knows who is at the head of the Triad, or where its headquarters are or where its influence begins or ends. Some believed that Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Kuomintang, was one of the unknown heads of the Triad, but others declared—and they were probably correct—that he was no more than one of its many instruments.

The Triad's policy is, and always has been, anti-foreign, and its slogan, if it had one, would undoubtedly be 'China for the Chinese.' That policy manifests itself in many different ways. It may be open and aggressive, as in the case of the Red Spears, a secret society operating north of the Yangtze. This society—apparently independent, but actually controlled by the Triad—dominates the Central Provinces. It is anti-Communistic because Communism is not a Chinese ideal, and also because it is mainly directed against foreigners.

Other secret societies—and China is a network of them—operate toward the same end in different ways. In those made up of working people the strike may be used; in those in which traders predominate it may be the boycott.

All these societies, which include the Tongs, though acting independently, are linked together by the Kongsis, a society whose ramifications extend throughout the world and no Chinese, however remote his situation, however exalted or humble his position, can escape its control.

Outwardly, the Kongsis is a sort of gigantic friendly society. It organizes emigration, advances money, remits allowances to relatives, arranges for the bodies of Chinese who have died abroad to be brought back and buried in their native land, and acts generally as a kind of foster-parent to its members.

But, like all the other societies, it

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demands obedience. Failure in this respect means punishment, swift and sure. He who disobeys may find that suddenly, and for no discoverable reason, his business has deserted him: he can neither buy nor sell. Or, again for no discoverable reason, he may be dismissed from his employment. He may even die suddenly and mysteriously—it all depends on the nature of his offense.

Every Chinese, be he house-boy or statesman, belongs to his society or Tong, and automatically, therefore, comes within the sphere of the Kongsis. A certain percentage of his earnings or income has to be paid over to it, but never directly; it is collected by his society or Tong.

All transactions such as business loans, advances to emigrants and so forth, are arranged through individual societies, which afterward render an accounting to the Kongsis.

The Kongsis, within certain limits, controls all the other societies and Tongs and is itself subject to the Triad. How the contact is made, and precisely how that mysterious but omnipotent body works, perhaps only half a dozen men know, and they may be unknown to one another.

Its motives are political and chiefly directed toward ridding China of the foreigner and foreign control. It does not interfere with the domestic policy of the numerous secret societies which it controls in China and abroad unless such policy is regarded as inimical to its own designs, in which case that policy is altered—quickly.

Since the Triad is all-powerful, it is believed to be extremely wealthy. The various anti-foreign risings which have taken place from time to time have been financed by it, though no one has discovered exactly where the money came from. But it was there when required.

It is scarcely too much to say that China is governed—so far as it is governed at all—by the Triad, acting through its many and mysterious channels. No Chinese can escape from its meshes, whether he be in Nanking, Singapore, Capetown or Limehouse. It punishes where punishment is deemed necessary, regardless of the distance, and the person who inflicts that punishment may be unaware that he is acting under its instructions.

Recently there have been reports of a revolt in Manchukuo, Japan's puppet State, where a large number of the population is said to have been disaffected. To those who know China and the Chinese, these risings are significant. They are something more than outward manifestations of discontent among the Japanese-governed peasantry: they are signs that the Triad has been issuing secret orders.

If the Japanese should ever achieve their ambition of making China a vassal State, their hold will be precarious and uneasy.

In all sorts of ways—some seemingly trivial, others more alarming—the simmering hatred of the Chinese will be manifested. And behind that hatred, encouraging it, keeping it festering, supporting it, will be the mysterious and powerful Triad.

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The famous Paris cafés of yesteryear have gone modern—garishly modern.

Adieu au Café Intime

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Manchester Liberal Daily

TO ONE of the post-War generation it is rather a bore to be told by elderly Frenchmen, and especially by foreign residents who claim to have known Paris 'in the good old days,' that 'café life in Paris is no longer what it used to be.' Of course it is not; what is? Verlaine, we are told, wrote poetry in the Closerie de Lilas, near the Luxembourg Garden (now a semi-deserted haunt frequented mostly by elderly professors), and the Café Napolitain, in the Boulevard des Italiens, was the rendezvous of journalists, which it is no longer. The more alcoholic Americans among them have adjourned to Harry's Bar, in the Rue Daunou. We are informed how much more picturesque Montmartre and the Latin Quarter used to be, and how 'very impersonal' everything has now become. And a tear is shed over the Second Empire chandeliers of the Café del'Univers, where they have now been replaced by abominably modern electric devices.

Undoubtedly cafés have changed in every way. The 'social life' of cafés has changed, their interior decoration has changed and, in many cases, even their functions have changed. In Montparnasse, in the Champs-Elysées, and, to a lesser degree, in the boulevards and in the Latin Quarter many of the cafés of even ten or fifteen years ago have become unrecognizable.

They have, for the most part, been redecorated in a manner that scarcely makes for cosiness and *intimité*. No doubt the modern chairs, many of them nickel-tubed, are more comfortable to sit on than the straight-backed chairs of the old days, but the walls, with their mirrors and garish splashes of red-and-gold paneling and bad cubist and other 'modern' mural paintings, some with a pretension at funniness, are extraordinarily crude for a country of such good taste; and when the whole of it is illuminated by glaring 'modern' lighting one does not feel like staying much longer than is necessary in such surroundings. Places

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like the Coupole at Montparnasse or the Triomphe and Colisée in the Champs-Elysées or the various Duponts in the Boulevard St. Michel and elsewhere have developed into something reminiscent of the London 'corner houses.'

And yet Parisians have taken to them like a duck to water; the more garish the lighting and decoration, the more successful the café seems to be. The death of the famous Rotonde at Montparnasse, where Lenin planned his world revolution over a café-crème, is the most glaring proof that Paris does not want old-fashioned cafés.

At the Coupole, across the street, blazing with thousands of lights, people were sitting on top of each other, while the old Rotonde, its walls hung with paintings with which the budding geniuses of the eighteen-nineties used to pay for their drinks, was a melancholy scene of desolation, with a couple of seedy waiters attending to a disgruntled couple who had been unable to find a seat across the street. A few weeks ago the Rotonde reopened in a blaze of light, with mirrors twenty feet high and brand-new green leather furniture, and it seems to be flourishing now. The general effect, however, is more sober than that of the garish decorations of the Coupoles and Duponts, and if it succeeds, in spite of its better taste, it will be a promising sign.

II

Of course, it is not quite true that café life as it was known before, when 'everybody knew everybody else,' has disappeared completely. In the middle of the cosmopolitan turmoil of Montparnasse, where foreigners are fascinated—or revolted—by the sight of a few long-haired cranks or 'crooks' impersonating 'Bohemia' and where, as the phrase goes, 'everybody thinks that everybody else is an artist,' it is still possible to discover definite 'sets,' literary or artistic, who frequently meet there and are known to the *habitués*.

When an artist like Kiesling appears at the Dôme or the Coupole, or Picasso at the Deux Magots, he is soon surrounded by half a dozen people of his own set; and there are still plenty of 'characters' at Montparnasse who are well known to the entire neighborhood. It is much the same in Montmartre, in spite of its general decline as a café center.

Yet if one were asked offhand at what café one would be most likely to meet M. Matisse or M. Derain, or M. Gide or M. Malraux, one would simply have to say that one did not know. With slow transport before the war each *quartier* had its own set, but since then modern transport has perhaps done more than anything else to kill café life in the old, slightly parochial sense. The Champs-Elysées and boulevard cafés have become even more impersonal than Montparnasse, the former being crowded with tourists and most of the latter with business people from banks and offices.

There was one interesting development which could be observed two or three years ago, and that was the political café. As in Berlin before Hitler, when there were 'Nazi Lokale' or 'Social Democrat Lokale,' so in Paris certain cafés began to take on a definite political coloring. In the Boulevard St. Germain there was a café, noted for its rum, which came to be known as a Croix de Feu meeting-place, and the Brasserie Lipp in the

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same street acquired the reputation of being a Royalist haunt. But this tendency has largely disappeared.

When I say that not only the social rôle of the café and its decoration and furnishing but also its function have changed, I mean that a very large number of Paris cafés—especially in the centers of café life like the Boulevards, Montparnasse and the Champs-Elysées—have become eating-places. Thousands of Parisians go to cafés to eat. Snack meals which would make Brillat-Savarin turn in his grave are served by most of the larger Paris cafés. Here are served not only sandwiches but steaks and *entrecôtes* and alien inventions like toasted cheese and '*des velsh*'—Gallicized Welsh rarebits—and club sandwiches and what-not.

As a money-saving and time-saving device such one or two course meals are highly popular. Why? Probably the time-saving motive played an important part in the boom days of the mid-twenties, when French business men became 'efficient' and Americanized, while the money-saving motive was decisive in the years of depression that followed.

The case of the famous Café Weber, in the Rue Royale, where General Boulanger used to meet his fellow-conspirators in the late eighties, is a typical illustration of this development. Until about 1933 Weber was divided into an ordinary old-fashioned café and a high-class restaurant with imposing elderly waiters and a regal head waiter. Both sections declined completely, and the time-honored establishment was on the verge of bankruptcy when the premises were modernized and the two sections united into one big café, where, in addition to any kind of drinks, *plats du jour* were rapidly served by unpretentious garçons who had no views at all on the qualities of 1904 Chambertin. The *plat du jour* was fairly well cooked and cost about fifty cents.

During the years of depression Weber flourished as it had never flourished before. In a part of Paris where there was nothing between cheap and nasty *prix-fixe* restaurants and the best of the best, it had struck a happy medium and had answered a popular demand—the demand not to be obliged to settle down to a lengthy and expensive multi-course lunch every day or else to be half-poisoned.

Except for the smaller cafés, which go on very much as before, café life in Paris has changed completely. It is different with restaurants. Apart from the invasion of so many of the larger cafés into their field of activity, restaurants continue as before, and there are still many of the older restaurants which have kept up the great eating traditions of the 'good old days.' They are, perhaps, the last refuge of the old men who claim that Paris has gone to the dogs.

But Not Recommended

Chief of the Reich Barbers' Guild has successfully shaved a Berlin actor with a Bronze Age razor dug up at a 'Germanic' site to prove the high cultural level of the early Germans.

—Reuter *Dispatch*

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Soviet Way

Moscow, December 14th:—Victory on all fronts! Now that it's over, we can confess that while the votes were being counted, we awaited the result with breathless anxiety. Will Stalin be elected? Of course, the fact that there was only one candidate reduced the danger of the unexpected considerably. But still, with this new secret ballot, one could never tell.

In short, we can now breathe again.

It is being said everywhere that the Russian electoral system is the most perfect that has ever been known. Isn't it true that in the so-called democracies a game is made of the elections? That is obvious, because the voter is distracted by having to consider more than one candidate. Hence, there are all kinds of errors and frauds, while here, that is to say, under a single candidate system, there is no possibility of either error or fraud and nobody need complain.

In spite of the detailed instructions, some amusing *contretemps* have taken place. For example, in Moscow a voter came to cast his vote carrying an open ballot. He was immediately rebuked: 'Please retire to the voting booth, comrade. After all, it is a secret ballot and nobody should know that you are voting for Stalin.' Another voter, after having stayed for a long time in his booth, came out without being able to decide. 'We were told,' he declared, 'that there was only one ballot to choose from. Well, I have seen a whole pile of ballots with the name of Stalin on them, at least 300. Which one should I mark?'

But these are only tiny spots which do not tarnish the glory of this pleasant day.

According to the latest information, the seats in the Supreme Council were divided in the following fashion:—

Stalinites	52%
Stalinists	10%
Stalinophiles	15%
Stalin's Party	23%

The result seems to give an advantage to those who support the general policy of the Government.

—André Guerin in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

British 'Diplomacy'

Twice, in your leading article in last Wednesday's paper, there occur the words 'British cowardice.' One wonders what is the nationality of the man who wrote it, as the combination of these two words together is unknown in the English language, or in the tongue of any country in the world. In the present delicate situation in Europe would not the words 'British Diplomacy' be more appropriate?

I sign myself 'A Britisher,' And Proud Of It.

—Letter in *News Chronicle*, London

For Home Consumption

General Miaja enjoys his little joke. To a foreign correspondent who asked him how many men had died in the defense of Madrid he replied by telling a story.

This was of a blind Spanish beggar during the Napoleonic Wars who sang a song in the streets of the killing of 50,000 Frenchmen in a single battle.

A passer-by asked him how many Spaniards were killed in this battle. He replied, 'Ah, the blind French beggars sing about *that*.'

—Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph*, London

Blood Is Thicker . . .

America and England together could boss the World very comfortably. And in any very great national emergency America and England will always stand together, because all the people in America who really matter are English or Scots, barring a few Germans and Scandinavians and Dutch, who after all are the same family.

—*Aeroplane*, London

Pro-Government Locomotives

Thousands of Rumanian peasants recently gathered at Cluj Station, where Dr. Maniu, leader of the National Peasant party, had promised to address them during a half-hour halt of his train.

He was wildly acclaimed when he began his speech on an improvised platform before the station.

But at the first word of criticism of the Government the engine of his train emitted an ear-

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splitting blast. This was the prearranged signal for every other engine in Cluj Junction to blow its whistle.

The performance was repeated each time Dr. Maniu referred to the Government. Finally, ten minutes before the train was due to start, it began to steam slowly out of the station.

Flinging dignity to the winds, Dr. Maniu had to break off in the middle of a sentence and make a dash for the train. He just reached the last coach.

State railway employees' jobs depend on their pleasing the government in power.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Whose Wife and Children?

How far does ecclesiastical celibacy differ from celibacy as commonly understood? I ask because the signatories of a memorial addressed this week to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York assert roundly that:—

'Christianity was spread from the Apostles' time not by married but by celibate missionaries, who had left father, mother, wife and children.'

—*Spectator*, London

Ribbentrop Minor

Ribbentrop's son is attending an English school. One of his schoolmates, a sixteen-year-old boy, came home with the following story about a political discussion in school. Having been bested in an argument, young Ribbentrop declared brusquely that the British press was not to be trusted. 'The British newspapers lie!' he said. 'And the German ones?' the teacher asked. 'The German papers cannot lie,' was the reply of Ribbentrop Jr., 'because they are under State control.'

—*Neue Weltbühne*, Prague

Deportment

Other nations may sneer at the hypocritical English, but only we can carry it off in the grand manner.

—*Daily Sketch*, London

First-rate Man

Captain Harold Harington Balfour, 39, Tory M.P. for the Isle of Thanet. A first-rate man. Curly-haired and courageous, he directs companies for a living. But he has done plenty of other things in his time. . . . Shot down eleven enemy airplanes. Also shot down a German balloon and killed the observer as he descended in a parachute. 'I followed him down,' says Captain Balfour, 'as he swung helplessly below his parachute, and shot the best part of 100 rounds into him . . . His body just continued to swing.'

—Peter Howard in the *Sunday Express*, London

The Hooded Ones

This is the definition I propose for Doumic's lexicon: *Cagoulard*—a little man, religious by preference, who, with the aid of a little box, can displace a large building.

—Francis Jammes in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris

Headlines

If I never read any more than headlines in the newspapers perhaps I might be forgiven if I thought the world a little crazy.

Last month, on consecutive days we have had:—

BRITISH WARSHIP BOMBED BY JAPAN
U. S. WARSHIP SUNK BY JAPAN
GERMANY PROTESTS TO JAPAN
JAPAN APOLOGIZES TO ITALY

We always played Consequences at Christmas, too.

—Columnist in the *Daily Herald*, London

Long Arms

Desperate hand-to-hand fighting on a mountain 4,000 feet high is described in a Japanese communiqué issued here. The rival forces got within fifty yards of each other.

—A dispatch from North China

Playing Safe

The foundation stone of the first police station to be built in London with anti-air raid features will be laid by the Lord Mayor of London on Tuesday. . . . Seven stories high, it will be so constructed that, should a bomb shatter the top floors, the ground floor, housing the administrative department, will bear the whole weight of the debris. . . . On the seventh floor, above the living quarters, will be the hospital.

—*Evening News*, London

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Gossip, if practiced according to the rules, 'is a creative work of art.'

In Defense *of* Gossip

By W. H. Auden

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Station

LET'S be honest. When you open your newspaper, as soon as you have made sure that England hasn't declared war, or been bombed, what do you look at? Why, the gossip columns! These 'Names make News,' the 'Londoner's Diary', 'Behind the Headlines,' 'Personality Parade,' or whatever it is. And as for books, if you had to choose between the serious study and the amusing gossip, say, between Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* and John Aubrey's *Scandal and Credulities*, wouldn't you choose the latter? Of course you would! Who would rather learn the facts of Augustus' imperial policy than discover that he had spots on stomach? No one.

Few of the human passions can be guaranteed to last. Sooner or later we all grow too old for love, and even the joys of eating and drinking depend upon the caprices of our digestion. Tobacco? Yes, possibly. But the only pleasure we can absolutely count on to last as long as life itself is the one which distinguishes us from the beasts, the pleasure of curiosity; and, of all the exciting and interesting things which happen around about us, the behavior of our neighbors is the most fascinating. I know that there are people who would rather find a lesser spotted woodpecker in a wood than their churchwarden with a chorus girl in a tea-shop, but these are the real eccentrics.

Then again, a lot of us have work we are interested in, but that's shop, and what a bore the fellow is who will talk shop in general company, the stockbroker who holds forth about bulls and bears to people who have never got nearer one than the Zoo. Or the lady who insists on giving you the latest bulletins from her nursery: the baby-snob, she's a terror.

No; shop can be the most absorbing of all forms of conversation, but for heaven's sake, let's keep it in its proper place.

But you and I, I hope, are not bored. Whatever our consciences may say, whenever we meet our friends, as

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soon as the conventional inquiries about health and babies are over, we settle down to a cozy little gossip.

'I saw John the other day. You know, he's engaged.'

'I did hear something about it. She's very rich, isn't she?'

'Yes. Her parents are perfectly furious. He turned up at a party at their house in a hired dress suit!'

'How's that friend of his? The one who's so worried about his hair?'

'Oh, David, you mean. I saw him last week at a cocktail party. He was tight, and insisted on talking French all the time. But it wasn't very good French. He'll be as bald as a coot in a few years' time. Talking of David, how's Helen?'

'Not drinking quite as much as she used to. I think she's lovely, don't you?

'Yes. But, Christmas, how stupid!'

'That's the trouble. She knows she's a bore.'

'The one I'm sorry for is that child of hers, left alone all day with that ogre of a nurse. My dear, she positively eats him.'

And so on and so on. We all do it, and no policeman or clergyman will ever stop us. But gossip is still listed officially as a vice, the kind of thing we do ourselves, but punish children for doing.

Well, is it really a vice? Never, we are told, say anything about other people that you wouldn't like to hear said about yourself. This is ridiculous and impossible. If we were really to act on this, we should never say anything about anybody except that he or she was the nicest, most beautiful and intelligent person in the whole world, because nobody is satisfied with less praise. We all really think that we are the nicest person in the world; if we didn't, we should commit suicide. Perhaps at the bottom of our hearts we suspect that this isn't true, but we quite rightly expect our friends to behave in our company as if it were.

We are not so foolish as to expect them to believe it, though. We all know that they'll say something very different, and perhaps nearer the truth, the moment our back is turned, just as we shall about them, but who cares? As long as we don't actually hear the catty remark, we are happy. It's this that stops most of us from reading other people's letters and listening at keyholes. We are terrified of coming across some unflattering reference to ourselves as in those horrifying advertisement strips. 'James asked me how I liked his book—I had to pretend I'd read it,' or 'Poor Jean is under the illusion that she still looks twenty-three.' You know the kind of thing.

II

Gossip has fallen under a cloud because of the people who abuse it. I remember once as a small boy when my elder brother repeated at a tea-party, where a certain lady was present, a remark of my aunt's to the effect that the lady smelled. For the next few days, to all his toys, to his sponge and toothbrush and all his belongings, he found a paper pinned, on which were written the words, 'Never Repeat.' As my aunt was an inveterate gossip, whose stories often were only remotely connected with the truth, we both thought this rather unfair at the time, but now I think the punishment was just. The person who ruins gossip is the person who repeats

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it back to its victim. That's every bit as bad as writing anonymous letters.

Another objection raised to gossip is that it causes mischief. As the result of a loose tongue, someone loses his job or divorces her husband. This is not the fault of gossip, but of the kind of people one gossips with. There are some kinds of people in whose presence you should shut up like an oyster: people with strong moral views, members of Watch Committees or Purity Leagues, natural policemen, schoolmasters. If you really mind what people do, you have no right to gossip. But there's no reason whatever why gossip should make mischief. As a game played under the right rules, it's an act of friendliness, a release of the feelings, and a creative work of art.

I began by saying that an interest in one's neighbors is common to all the human race. Common, too, at least to all nice people, is a love of conversation and a dislike of being alone. There are people who would rather play bridge or tennis or do something rather than talk, but I think that rather unfriendly, don't you?

Still worse is the person who sits in the corner saying nothing, and then goes home and writes it all up in a little black diary. He is a spy, and should be treated as such. No; you can be quite sure that the person who dislikes talking dislikes the entire human race, himself included, which is worse than the person who talks shop all the time, who at least likes himself.

A friendly person is interested in other people, and tries to talk about the things which interest them. Cut out gossip and there'll be no conversation left except shop, smoke-room stories and the most vapid kind of tea-table talk. I'd rather be dead.

Secondly, gossip is the greatest safety valve to the emotions that exists. Psychologists tell us that we all nourish secret grudges, hatreds, jealousies, resentments against even our nearest and dearest, and that the cure lies in getting them off our chest. When we gossip, we do for nothing in the street or the parlor what we should have to pay two guineas an hour for doing in the consulting room. How often I have worked off ill-feeling against friends by telling some rather malicious stories about them, and as a result met them again with the feeling quite gone. And I expect you've done the same. When one reads in the papers of some unfortunate man who has gone for his wife with a razor, one can be pretty certain that he wasn't a great gossip. Very few gossips end in asylums or the condemned cell. It is cheaper than going to a doctor, and much nicer than actually having a row with our friends.

Lastly, gossip is creative. All art is based on gossip—that is to say, on observing and telling. The artist proper is someone with a special skill in handling his medium, a skill which few possess. But all of us to a greater or less degree can talk; we can all observe, and we all have friends to talk to. Gossip is the art-form of the man and woman in the street, and the proper subject for gossip, as for all art, is the behavior of mankind.

III

Like other arts, there are many different kinds of technique. There's the complete fairy tale. This is the commonest way of gossiping about

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prominent public figures, because we don't really know anything about them. Of course, we begin by saying that we got it from a friend who has a friend in the Foreign Office, but that's only a conventional opening like 'Once upon a time.'

The fault about most of these kinds of stories is that they aren't nearly daring enough. If you are going to tell a story which you know no one will seriously believe, let it be a good one. To say that you have it on the most reliable authority that a certain Dictator is off his head won't interest anyone, but if you say that he has just made a brown wire-haired terrier, called Bungy, headmistress of a large girls' school, and proceed to describe the school prize-giving with a wealth of circumstantial detail, and in a very penetrating voice, you'll have the whole tea-shop listening to you. The secret of this kind of story is detail and more detail, preferably as extraordinary as possible.

If you are gossiping about someone you know, there is either the realistic or the poetical treatment. For the novice, the realistic is probably the safest, and should generally be used—anyway, if the story is a really juicy one. If you have the good fortune actually to catch the squire's wife kissing the chauffeur, or to see the bailiffs sitting in the Joneses' hall, it is unlikely that you can improve on the story by any embellishments. The trouble is that in most cases the actual facts one has to go on are too slight to make a good tale by themselves. The true masters of gossip start with some little thing that either has happened or might have happened, and develop it.

Let me take an imaginary example. Senator Gogarty tells somewhere of how he sat in a train in Ireland with the late Mr. George Moore. Moore was looking out of the window, and waxed lyrical about the scenery. 'I would give £5 to be able to go on looking at that view,' he said. 'Well, you shall,' said Gogarty, and pulled the communication cord. According to Gogarty, Moore was very angry indeed.

Now this incident happened, but supposing it hadn't. The basis of the story is Moore's remark about the scenery. That must be true, but suppose Gogarty only thought, either at the time, or later: 'What fun it would be to take Moore at his word.' Would it matter? Not in the least. The story would be spoiled without completing it. In fact, it was his artistic duty to complete it.

No, don't let's confine our gossip to the clumsy and untidy truth. Let us leave that to the timid and the dull. Gossip should soar on wings. The world of gossip should be a Land of Cockaigne, and its inhabitants heroic figures well over life size.

IV

While we're on the subject of technique, there are two faults which the beginner should avoid. Never be arch, by which I mean, never start like this:—

'I had an interesting talk with *X* the other day.'

'What did she say?'

'Oh, I promised not to tell you.'

'Oh, come on!'

'No, really, I can't. . . .!' et cetera, until everyone is bored. It's bad manners, like keeping people waiting for their dinner.

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The other fault to avoid is the apologetic opening. Phrases like:

'I suppose it's cruel to say it, but . . . .'

'You know I'm devoted to her, but . . . .'

'I don't usually gossip, but . . . .'

It's a bad style, and a sign of an unpleasant nature. Let your gossip be yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The great subjects for gossip are Love, Crime and Money. Few of us, unfortunately, know many criminals, and reliable information about other people's finances is difficult to get hold of, so we generally have to fall back on love, which is a pity, as it tends to get rather monotonous. The ideal situation for the born gossip would be a village containing a mad vicar, a squire who was the terror of every parent with a daughter, a squire's wife who was being blackmailed by her chauffeur, a cocaine-taking doctor, a beautiful blonde girl in the pay of a foreign Power, a sinister professor who never came out of his house, and an ex-convict or two; but, alas! such villages only exist in detective stories. And we must put up with our own little village where nothing more happens than that the vicar is too High-Church for the vestry, the squire's son has failed in his school certificate, the doctor danced several times with the beautiful blonde girl at the village institute dance, the professor is only an unmarried old entomologist with small independent means, and now and then someone is fined for poaching.

Well, never mind. Skilfully handled, you can make quite a lot of that. Remember, never hesitate to invent, but invent in detail, never gossip to people who'll run off straight away to the victim, never gossip to people with moral principles, and don't have any conscience about being a gossip. If it is a fault, which I don't believe, it is a fault that is shared by the entire human race.

Gossip?

Once when Lord Swinton, the British Air Minister, was inspecting the Solent Seaplane Base, he took up a fast seaplane with a flight lieutenant as second pilot. Over Portsmouth Airport Lord Swinton roared low as if to land. When the horrified flight lieutenant yelled a warning, the Air Minister regained height and landed gracefully on the Solent.

At once the lieutenant began to apologize, whereat His Lordship exclaimed cheerfully, 'That's all right, my boy. I think I know land from water,' and scrambled out of his cockpit into the Solent.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Stage Lenins

THE two most popular plays on the Russian stage today are *The Truth*, by Alexander Korneychuk and *The Man With a Gun*, by Nikolai Pogodin. They have much in common. Both authors are young and both plays deal with Lenin's activities during the October Revolution. It is a matter of honor for actors who play the rôle of Lenin to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the hero's appearance, gesture and voice. In the following article, which we have translated from *Pravda*, Nadezhda Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, comments on their efforts:—

I must confess that both actors who play Ilyitch, Comrade Shtrauch and Comrade Shchukin, have been successful in creating the image of Lenin as he appeared at meetings in October, 1917. Comrade Shtrauch's voice sometimes achieves a typical Lenin ring and Comrade Shchukin is able to reproduce Lenin's manner of speaking before a large audience, particularly his gestures. It is somewhat harder to show Lenin in action. The actors are, of course, faced with many difficulties. In making up they have had to be guided by portraits, of which there are many in existence. Some of these are good representations; others are very poor. It seems to me, however, that the actors ought to base their efforts exclusively on photographs, always taking into account, of course, the period in which the photographs were taken. It is unfortunate that so few photographs were taken of him during that memorable October.

Actors who never saw Lenin in person can be misled by the original version of the film which has been showing in Lenin's Museum. In this film Ilyitch was shown walking too fast, at times even running with an exaggerated swinging of the arms. This defect has been corrected and Ilyitch is now shown as he was. Comrade Shtrauch and Comrade Shchukin appear to model their mannerisms on the original film and both of them show Ilyitch as running rapidly and making excessive gestures. That is a mistaken representation and they ought to consult the revised film.

It is not enough to give an accurate physical image of Ilyitch: whoever portrays him must also make clear to the audience what he is feeling. For example, under stress of strong emotion, Ilyitch used to walk around the room quietly, sometimes even on tip-toe, his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat. Or he would sit motionless for a long time, completely absorbed in his thoughts. In *The Man With a Gun*, we see Lenin speaking to a soldier. The words of the soldier —that the Army will oppose the enemy as one man—are deeply stirring. In the play, Ilyitch, after finishing his talk with the soldier, rushes hurriedly into his study. The real Ilyitch would have walked to his study slowly and thoughtfully.

It is wrong to portray Ilyitch as a sort of mentor. Comrade Shtrauch, particularly, has shown him extending his hand to the worker after their talk in an aloof and condescending gesture. Ilyitch never greeted or said goodby to anyone like that. He was much simpler in his manners. Those painters who do not know Lenin often show him shaking his finger at an interlocutor and saying: 'We must learn, learn and learn.' Such a gesture was unnatural to him, for he never approached the worker or the peasant as a superior, but invariably as their equal. It completely distorts Lenin's personality. He was simple and easy to talk to, and that was his power. In his conversations with workers he should be shown not as 'an

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old-maid teacher,' as he himself used to say, but merely as a man who wants above all to persuade the people to whom he is talking.

There is one excellent moment in *The Truth*, where the contrast between Lenin and Kerenski is brought out. Kerenski is full of conceit. He instructs, gives senseless orders; Lenin persuades, convinces and explains what is to be done. Kerenski is a true representative of former authorities, Lenin a comrade. The actor who plays Kerenski played him very well. But Lenin should have been simpler.

Comrade Pogodin, the author of *The Man With a Gun*, wrote in a recent article: 'In the memoirs of his nearest friends, Lenin is always shown to be the kindest of men, sensitive and responsive, sometimes all-forgiving. But history knows another Lenin—a man of iron will, austere and filled with irreconcilable hatred for the enemies of the Revolution.' This dualistic interpretation of Lenin is incorrect. In the words 'kindest' and 'all-forgiving' there is a definite flavor of the bourgeoisie, of Tolstoiism. None of Lenin's friends, as far as I know, ever represented him as a Tolstoian. As for his 'sensitiveness' and 'responsiveness,' they do not at all contradict his 'irreconcilable hatred for the enemies of the revolution.' It is radically wrong to think that Lenin had a dual personality—that in his family life he was gay, smiling, sensitive and attentive to people, while in his public life he was unsmiling and uninterested in the people around him. In his daily life and in his revolutionary struggle Lenin was the same. He was a remarkably consistent man. Perhaps it is because of the author's erroneous conception of him that the stage Lenin never once smiles, or half closes his eyes with that humorous expression he had. It is not easy, of course, to duplicate Ilyitch's smile. That I can understand.

The actors who are playing Ilyitch must work harder. Theirs is a difficult task, but since both the playwrights and Comrades Shtrauch and Shchukin ardently desire to create a genuine image of Lenin, these representations can be improved.

Literary Prizes in France

By Marcel Martinet

From the *Populaire*, Paris

THE literary circles of France have started the prize-awarding season. The literary circles—that means a few hundred writers, critics and reviewers, a few thousand snobs and idlers. Obviously, as a group, they are not very important in an era in which the fate of what a few dreamers still fondly call humanity is being decided. But when one considers the fact that literature expresses more or less accurately the values which constitute a civilization of a given epoch, the awarding of prizes seems to offer a certain interest; and if one remembers that the establishment of literary prizes is bound to influence the direction and future of literature, one cannot but wonder about the nature of this influence.

In France, literary prizes really mean the Prix Goncourt. All others, though they may sound more formal and give the author more money, serve only to confirm the Goncourt decision. Now what were the intentions of Edmond de Goncourt when he established his Academy and founded the award that bears his name? For Goncourt, that old nobleman of letters in the highest sense of the word, literature meant everything. At the same time, he had a kind heart, and a spirit that was frank, generous and proud. He was convinced that in a society ruled by money, where action dominates thought, his brother and he would never have been able to pursue their life's work if they had been distracted by material considerations. He dreamed, accordingly, of freeing the best writers from this bondage to money, so that they could serve their idea of art freely and obey only their own inner daemon. In this way, he

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hoped to restore literature to its former dignity.

To do this, Goncourt himself selected the first ten writers as members of his Academy. They were writers who had received honors but who held no official positions and were therefore strangers to all but strictly literary considerations. Also, they had no particular greed for money, nor yet suffered from the lack of it. Every year this Academy was to choose, solely on the basis of its literary value, that book in prose which seemed to them to be the most original, the most interesting, the newest in form, and to show the most talent. The chosen author would then be brought to the attention of the literary world and of the general public. From then on he would be recognized. He would be spared the weary and doubtful struggle that all young writers must undergo. Even before the War, the prize of five thousand francs, although not a fortune, was considered a sizable sum. Even an unthrifty author could live on it for more than a year, and for others, more prudent, it meant protection against many dangers, among them that of being forced to produce 'pot-boilers'—books 'not conceived in love,' as Eugene Montfort puts it.

In spite of such regrettable errors as withholding the Prix Goncourt from admirable writers like Charles-Louis Philippe or Alan Fournier, one must admit that the Academy at first acquitted itself well of its mission: as when its first award was bestowed upon a writer like John Antoine Nau, who, without it, would perhaps have never been known. Again, when the prize was awarded to Louis Pergaud, who was young and unknown at that time, over the heads of such writers of renown as Apollinaire and Gaston Roupnel, the commercial motive was happily absent. Pergaud became known; he was able to get some square meals, which was a rare enough occurrence for him before, and to put out a few good books before getting himself killed in the senseless War. Even during the War, the Goncourt Academy upheld the honor of the French literature to some extent by honoring the books of Duhamel and Barbusse—books which testified with all the power of art and truth that the butchery in which the world was engaged had nothing to do with either civilization or justice.

Naturally, the contagion of filth and disorder which the War had spread into all the fields of civilization invaded literature also. Georges Duhamel wrote of advertising: 'Even before the War, the lures of advertising had often tempted both publishers and authors. But only after the War could it be really seen in action. The phenomenon developed swiftly, and one can safely say that fifteen years of it have produced significant results—results which adversely affected the morale of writers and of the publishing system as a whole. Literary advertising has by its extravagances dishonored the cause of the book in the eyes of the whole world, and, what is more serious, it has liberated all kinds of reprehensible passions among the writers.'

Duhamel goes on to show that although publicity has degraded literature, it has no financial results to show to justify the havoc it has wrought. On the contrary, although advertising was able for a time to accelerate the sale of books and impose contemptible or mediocre books upon the public, it ended by boring and disgusting that same public and by perverting its sense of values. What Duhamel did not say, but what I will say for him, is that literary awards as a whole have become nothing more than a shameful branch of advertising.

This is quite natural but nevertheless a pity. Publishers are not heroes, but plain business men. Under the present business conditions, it is almost compulsory for them to shout their wares from the housetops in order to sell them. They have found that literary awards, and the Prix Goncourt especially, are the most convenient and profitable loudspeakers.

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It is the same old circus psychology. In literature as in politics and trade, this policy 'of giving the people what they want' is both detestable and absurd.

And so we see the original purpose of the founders of literary awards completely distorted. I am not even mentioning the innumerable awards that go to the authors who do not need them at all. But it is a fact that the institution which was originally established to protect authors against the power of money has now degenerated into an instrument for making money. Instead of upholding the dignity of literature, it is serving to commercialize it. Of course there are still some awards in existence that go to good authors and are calculated to help them. But what would old Goncourt think of *his* Prize today?

England's Old Master

By Clive Bell

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

WALTER SICKERT is not only the best English painter alive, he is our living and lively old master. 'Old master,' I say, not because he has ceased to experiment and even play tricks with his trade, but because whatever he may do in the future is unlikely much to alter his place in public esteem. His eminence is recognized by everyone in England who cares for and understands painting. And even people who neither care nor understand, politicians and journalists for instance, speak of him with respect, acclaiming his art conspicuously British. In this they mistake. To be sure, he delights in shabby modern London as much as in eighteenth-century Bath; he enjoys English 'characters,' while in his predilection for Dieppe he may also be accounted insular. Superficially, his attitude to life is becoming quaintly John Bullish; but his art, his painting, is nothing of the sort. His ancestors are not Gainsborough and Constable, but Whistler and Degas.

Whistlerianism disappears soon and for good like fog in September; but the influence of Degas remains like a sharp and essential sapid in a well-made sauce. There was a time, indeed, when I believed that Sickert was no more than a greatly gifted disciple of that great and grumpy old Frenchman, who, by the way, professed admiration and affection for the younger artist. But I was wrong. There has always been an essential Sickert, with temperament and technique of his own, distinguishable from those of any other artist.

Sickert has toyed with technical theories galore: he has almost obliterated beautiful drawings under a network of neatly ruled red lines, he has crowded his margins with written notes and indications: as for æsthetic doctrines, he has poked fun at plenty—my own amongst others. In practice, however, he has trusted only his proper sensibility; few good painters have dealt less in programs. Look into any one of Sickert's pictures. Observe a scratch here, a hatching there, here a blob or squiggle of trickling paint, there what looks at first sight like a blurr of confused lines: not one of them but is admirably expressive, and descriptive, too. These things were not done according to plan; they record the direct and excited vision of an artist.

That vision is Sickert's own even more than his peculiar method of rendering it. If his color—doubtless the most excellent of his qualities—and his drawing often remind us of Degas, they never remind us of *a* Degas. His pictures, always distinguished and subtle and sometimes magnificent, are never mechanical. Sickert is always discreetly but sensibly Sickert; that is why he is a master. Individual sensibility is a thing apart; and he who has it and can express it gives the world something that neither knack nor perseverance can supply. As Sickert himself once put it: 'My pictures are like the clippings of my toe-nails; they grow out of me and I have cut them off, and that is all I know about it.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Bombers and Peace

The Menace of the Clouds. *By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. London: Hodge. 1937.*

Air War: Its Technical and Social Aspects. *By W. O'D. Pierce. London: Watts. 1937.*

(Barrington Gates in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

BOOKS of this kind find out the holes in the threadbare idealism that one puts on at Christmas-time. I suppose they must be written; I suppose everyone but an ostrich ought to read them; and I suppose their only competent reviewers would be various gentlemen engaged in working out the new strategies of attack and defense, the very gentlemen whose first business it is to say nothing, however furiously the Charltons may rage. The curve of the world's sanity drops ever more steeply. You plot the last-known point on it; the game is then to guess into what pit the next point will fall.

Mr. Charlton, who has some claims to the title of Catfish Number One in the National Tank of Unpreparedness, is the major exponent of discontinuity in this guessing game of strategy. According to him, we may just as well throw the old curve into the waste-paper basket and start again a good deal further down. He is (as befits his theme) a curiously ugly, powerful writer. His ink seems to be constantly impeded by foreign bodies, but suddenly it runs out to a clear, stabbing gall, as in this comment on British foreign policy: 'Are we to recede perpetually until the very wall against which we must finally put our backs is overborne by the pressure of our retreat?'

I think he is shouting the odds for pure air power rather too loudly. It is possible to be too completely fascinated by the appalling initiative of the bomber, to shove battleships and mechanized armies too contemptuously on the scrap heap, to allow the secret workers on air defense too little annotation of the now almost mystic saying: 'The bomber will always get through.' Mr. Charlton's case for complete discontinuity is ably argued, but until we get the final demonstration that occidental man is as vile as his warlike inventions, I take it to be not proven. Still, it is just as well to allow him his vision of the next war: (1) a first round smash up before the navies and the armies have had time to get their steam up and their boots on, and (2) subsequent rounds, if any, in which merchantmen and warships will be largely at the mercy of the bombers. One can then, removing Geneva from the map of the world, look at it under his guidance and see much to one's disadvantage.

In teaching this new strategic geography he has a simple, deadly trick. You choose a reasonable bomber range, say 1,000 miles, draw circles of this radius round every point of strategic value, and work out in detail the relation of your vital centers and trade routes to the enemy's strategic territory as thus defined. A lot of things then happen. The innocuous, romantic, blue void of the Pacific becomes red with complicated threats; Mr. Charlton is very good indeed in sketching Japan's strategic position *vis-à-vis* America and the U.S.S.R., although of course he is already out-of-date in China. Nearer home he is even more instructive. He explodes the fallacy that two States are equal in air power if they build bomber for bomber of equal useful load. Air parity depends entirely on the disposition of the vital centers of one in relation to the air bases of the other, as he exemplifies in ramming home Britain's inferiority to Germany.

Finally, and here his historical summary and strategical analysis are brilliant,

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he shows how the developing Mediterranean situation gnaws at the vitals of the British Empire. He argues that Italy, as the air Power on the spot, already has the whip-hand in the Eastern Mediterranean, and that Spanish non-intervention will give her control of its western gate and provide Portugal with a pretty seat on the Rome-Berlin axis. In that case, if war comes, Italy will close the Mediterranean; and the Azores, Madeira and the Canaries will be used as bombing nests to stop Britain's divested food-ships and France's native troops as they come up from the west coast of Africa.

And then Mr. Charlton thinks it is time to stop and put Geneva back on the map. Idle, he says, to prate of disarmament until you give the ravening Powers a workable form of security-insurance and let them prove that the premiums deliver the goods: what we want is an Article 16 with automatic and efficient claws. And so we get a 1937 model of the International Air Force, completely autonomous and self-contained, at a cost of less than £100 million a year, recruited in equal quotas from the contracting Powers. At the word 'Go!' from a Council of Equity composed of highly disinterested eldest statesmen of Europe, who, situated somewhere above the League Council, would name the aggressor, this force would set off from its base at Tunis and smash him. 'Yes, but . . . yes, but . . . yes, but. . . .' I said —and then, remembering the season, I parted from Mr. Charlton with the reflection that the Prince of Peace could in truth come in even stranger guise than the denationalized Marshal of Tunis.

THE second book on this list suffers from beginning at the beginning in a laudable effort to say a little about everything in aviation for half a crown. I met again my old aeronautical friends Icarus, Daedalus, Leonardo da Vinci and the rest, when I would rather have spent more time with my much more realistic contemporaries and their beautiful but hellish contraptions. Yet this little book is exceptional value. It is written by one who, besides being clearly expert in the technical achievement and potentialities of aeronautics, has his own notion of what it is beside petrol which is driving the bombers faster and farther over our unprotected heads. He may be right and he may be wrong, but at least he gives a lucid and concise Marxist sketch of the economic situation, whereas Mr. Charlton only writes a lot of loose stuff about historical development along 'lines of force,' whatever they may be. The strategical and tactical analysis in this book is of course slighter, but it goes a long way, and very persuasively, along Mr. Charlton's road.

The author knows also something of the dilemma of the man who can't live without making things work but finds that he is only allowed to make them work to kill: 'The independent scientist at work for the sheer joy of discovery has practically disappeared. The growth of technique itself has made the teamwork of experts essential for modern scientific progress. Technical experiments cost money, and money comes only from governments or competitive industry. They are an unhappy lot, these research workers and technicians. Their training and employment develop a critical attitude of mind. They cannot refrain from researching into their own functions. They would like to find that they are serving humanity; they find instead that they are contributing their little quotas to the perfection of improved engines of destruction. The pacifist devising bombs is truly a pitiable person!'

Too true!

Hitler Against Europe

Ein Mann Gegen Europa. *By Konrad Heiden. Zurich: Europa-Verlag. 1937.*
(Translated from *National-Zeitung*, Basel)

IN HIS biography of Hitler, Konrad Heiden convincingly describes how a people that had been disappointed in its

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yearning for recognition and prosperity rested its hopes in a man who was himself a failure, but who all his life had struggled to rise from the under-privileged class. It has been frequently asked why, among a people like the Germans, in whom there was a strong proletarian tendency, it was not Communism or some other aspect of Socialism that prevailed instead of Hitler's petty-bourgeois race doctrine. The best answer, according to Heiden, is that Hitler was able to point out to people, many of them defeated and bankrupt individuals, the possibility of blaming all their defeats and all their personal failures upon some mysterious and secret power. The call: 'Proletarians of the World, Unite!' sounded less tempting to a dissatisfied people than the National Socialist ideology, which transmuted the little man crushed by fate into an Aryan nobleman.

One Man Against Europe, Heiden's latest book, begins with Hitler's scheme to get control of Austria. The individual phases of the unequal struggle between the Führer and Chancellor Dollfuss are clearly visible. At a time when Germany and Italy are intervening in Spain, it is of special interest to note that as early as December, 1933, the German Foreign Office gave this classic answer to Dollfuss's complaint about the Reich's intervention in Austrian affairs: 'In the opinion of the Reich, a breach of the law of nations would exist only if, for instance, the *Kampfring* organization (which was organized in Germany) should attempt a revolution in Austria on a Communistic basis.' If the European statesmen had grasped this secret National Socialist point of view four years ago, then they would not have been amazed by Germany's recent statement that it was Russia, and Russia alone, who was responsible for attempts at revolution or intervention.

If one looks back upon the struggle of National Socialism against Austria, which finally ended in the barbarous assassination of Dollfuss, as Heiden describes it, it is difficult to understand how these gangster methods could have failed to teach the Central European Powers a lesson. Heiden emphasizes Dollfuss's determination not to let the Nazi race doctrines penetrate into Austria. Wherever such determination existed, whether in Austria or in the ranks of German Confessional Church, National Socialism did not triumph. But whenever and wherever a victory of National Socialist or Fascist ideas was regarded as a necessary evil, it served as proof that in those countries the will to resist had been weakened. Heiden points out that today a maximum of determination among the dictators encounters only a minimum of determination among the defenders of humanitarian Christian ideals.

It is tragic to read in Heiden's book by what crooked means the conquest of the German people by National Socialism has been accomplished, how the political independence of the German people was reduced little by little until it no longer existed. While the Left talked about constitutional problems first, and concerned itself with the primary problem of power afterward, the question of power was the center of both thought and action for Hitler and his followers; they left it to the others to bother about the Constitution. Hence the strange fact that even today the Weimar Constitution is the only written constitution of the German Reich. There is only one limitation: all its important paragraphs have been suppressed by special decrees. Heiden gives us an idea of how completely the unlimited power of dictatorship depends on the fact that the civil status of the individual in present-day Germany is practically that of an outlaw.

ONE of the most impressive chapters in the book deals with the rôle of the Reichswehr, the only group in post-War Germany with a far-sighted policy. With a tinge of sarcasm the author declares that the revolution of 1918 was at no time the great adventure of the German Left,

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but rather that of the German army leaders.

In Heiden's description Hitler appears as the hypnotist of the German soul during the period of transition; he created that state of mind and soul which the Reichswehr needed in order to utilize the economic and moral resources of Germany entirely for its own purposes. For this reason, I feel inclined to regard Hitler's alliance with the Reichswehr as more durable and more final than does Heiden. The breakdown of Hitler's foreign political aspirations would mean a breakdown of the aspirations of the Reichswehr, which at present is not a conservative but a revolutionary element, from the European point of view.

Heiden is right when he says that it is the tragedy of the German dictatorship that it has transformed the German movement for liberation (against the Versailles Treaty) into a movement for German hegemony. Not only Germany's future for centuries to come, but also the destiny of European civilization depends, in the author's opinion, upon this fact—upon whether this movement can still be curbed. How little the general reader concerns himself with the Nazi gospel—with Hitler's *Mein Kampf*—may be seen when one learns that Heiden was able to dig up a timely chapter which is almost unknown to the general public: it deals with the future struggle which Germany and Japan should jointly wage against Jewish influence in the Western Democracies. Hitler writes, literally, that the Jew could get a foothold everywhere, except in Japan: 'There is no way for him to get a grip on yellow Asia.'

The reading of Heiden's book reveals very clearly the facts upon which Hitler's stupendous successes in foreign policy in reality depend: they depend on his willingness to take a chance. If there are two parties, of which the one wants to be left in peace at all costs, while the other is at all times willing to take a chance, then the latter party is always the stronger one —until the first party also becomes willing to sacrifice its tranquillity under certain circumstances.

In the last chapter Heiden outlines the shape of things to come. As a basic cause of the Hitler phenomenon he regards the fact that the twentieth century man, faced by the task of creating an organized world, is afraid and shirks responsibility, thus leaving the fate of society and his own to the so-called strong-arm men.

Democracy and Socialism are based on the assumption that the average human being desires peace and happiness, whereas the dictatorships believe that he wants only values received. It is true that Democracy and Socialism have bettered man's position on the whole; the dictatorships, however, have not appealed in vain to his readiness for sacrifice. Today, the man on the street demands that strong pillars be erected with which he can support his wavering existence. If his life can be filled with new content, if he can again be persuaded to have faith in spiritual and moral values, then the dictatorships will have finally lost their game. For they can flourish only in times when basic concepts and values are confused.

[*This book will be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf.*]

Goncourt Prize Novel

Faux Passeports. *By Charles Plisnier. Paris: Corrêa. 1937.*

(Martin Maurice in the *Lumière*, Paris)

THERE are usually more revolutionaries to be found on the eve of revolution than afterwards. One of the characters in M. Plisnier's book is a militant Spaniard, a terrorist in his day, who had fled from Monarchist Spain after assassinating a general. The establishment of the Republic in 1931 reopened the frontiers of his country to him. His first words are: 'They have made a Republic. Now it is up to us to make a Revolution!'

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On another page we read: 'It is finished. Now we must put a period to this Revolution and begin elsewhere.' It is one of Lenin's former companions-at-arms who is speaking. And as you have probably guessed, the Revolution in question is that of October, 1917, in Russia. An orthodox Communist would say that this man is a dreadful Trotskiist, just as a Spanish Republican would perhaps accuse the anarchist hero of having opened the way to Franco.

Something within these men seems always to impel them to seek out danger. It follows from this that temperament plays a more important rôle than adherence to one or another ideology in the revolutionist's activity.

The man who speaks through Charles Plisnier's pen is himself an apostate from the Third International. The reasons for his apostasy have something to do with the old theme of the 'revolution betrayed,' and might be of interest to some people. In the story itself, however, they are mentioned only briefly, as a part of the background. Having withdrawn from political life—after the Congress where the schism took place—he turns back with burning nostalgia to his years of battle and recalls some of the more significant figures whom it was his fate to encounter.

The book is really a series of individual portraits; but among these figures there are so many points of contact, so many bonds of brotherhood based on identical aims and common perils, that there emerges a novel of the sort that one well-known author has dubbed 'imaginary memoirs.'

These militant fanatics live in a rarefied atmosphere that makes them unfit for ordinary tasks and sets them apart from ordinary men. Their greatness is derived from their extraordinary capacity to sacrifice themselves as individuals. 'One can give to the Party other things besides one's life,'—such is a favorite motto of the one who has approached nearest to the absolute ideal. This might explain the amazing confessions of the Moscow Trials. What matters to these men is not that bourgeois ideas like truth or justice should triumph, but that the revolution should pursue its triumphant march unimpeded.

SEEN from the point of view which I must reluctantly call psychological, this readiness for the supreme sacrifice runs a risk of leaving the Philistine reader cold. For example, we read about an Italian *militante* who, learning that her lover, corrupted by his stay in Rome, has sold out to the Fascists, kills him in cold blood. That is very fine. Only one cannot help wondering what place ordinary human affection had in this heart—which, I almost said, was so completely given over to God. Perhaps that would not be so far from the truth. One absolute Bolshevik exclaims: 'The Party, even as the Church, is not a house which one enters and leaves at one's pleasure. Like the Church, the Party is a community that claims both flesh and spirit.'

If the author has drawn for us an impressive picture of these proud and imperious beings, so 'pure in heart,' I find perhaps even more affecting his description of the weaker souls who could not live in this all too sublime atmosphere. There is the story of a young Spanish girl of aristocratic family who comes back to the fold after a brief venture into Communism. The pathos of her destroyed illusion finds a counterpart in the anguish of an émigré who is at heart valiant and loyal, but who fears to set foot on his native land, for he knows that when he does he will be forced to betray his friends. And that is exactly what happens in the end. All these accounts are presented in such a skillful way that this work must be placed in the first rank of the so-called 'revolutionary literature.'

It seems that Charles Plisnier is a Belgian. If the art of writing could be taught, it might be well to advise more than one writer of French birth to take a few lessons

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from him. His prose is alive with a sort of inner vibration; it strips souls bare to their essentials. *Faux Passeports* gains its distinction, however, not from any pyrotechnics but from its rigid economy of style. Plisnier has one of those rare minds which know how to pluck from the outside world of sights and sounds exactly what they need.

Socialism and War

SOCIALISTEN UND KRIEG. *By Karl Kautsky. Prague: Orbis-Verlag. 1937.*

(Valeriu Marcu in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

WHEN, in 1914, the bullet of a boy in Serajevo caused all the continents to tremble, those who had hope and faith in the Workers' International assumed that the movement would rise up wrathfully against war. The Socialist leaders did not hesitate in the face of the approaching danger. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome they called upon all nations to join in a chorus of peace. On July 16, 1914, Marcel Sembat spoke before the highest tribunal of the Socialist Party and said: 'I am no friend of exaggerations but I am convinced that if a crisis between France and Germany became acute, there would be an immediate strike.' The executive committee of the Social Democrats, the largest German Party, issued this courageous proclamation on July 25th: 'Not one drop of a German soldier's blood must be sacrificed to the Austrian potentates' lust for power, to Imperialist interests. . . . Danger is ahead! World war threatens! The ruling classes which gag, abuse and exploit you in times of peace want to use you as cannon fodder. . . . Down with war! Long live the international fraternity of nations!'

At the Convention of the Second International in Brussels on July 30th, Rosa Luxemburg was convinced—despite her perpetual distrust—of the pacific determination of the men who convened there. Hermann Müller, the future Chancellor of the Weimar Republic, hurried to Paris after Jaurès's assassination to assure his French comrades that the Social Democratic Party would under no circumstances vote for the war credits in the Reichstag.

The determination to safeguard the unity between theory and practice was so great that the German Social Democratic Party, after two decades of prosperity and legality, and despite a fortune in newspapers, trade union and Party buildings, sent Fritz Ebert and Otto Braun to Switzerland overnight. If the war should materialize and the Party be crushed and persecuted, they were to conduct its activities from abroad in the old revolutionary tradition.

It was during the days from July 31st to August 4th that an unexpected change came about. The Socialists made the War which they despised into their own cause, morally and politically. On August 4th, the German Social Democratic Party voted for the War credits.

If on August 4th Social Democracy had assumed power in all countries and if because of this change it had repudiated its former theories and its past traditions, this would not have been a surprise. For the seizure of power frequently goes hand in hand with the relinquishment of former principles. But not to have gained power and yet to have given up all standards and principles—that meant abandoning all historic rights of the movement.

The 4th of August should be of interest not merely to Socialists. It represents a 'sociological date' in history. Nothing is more ridiculous than to explain these facts by the so-called betrayal by the leaders of the Second International. This is either demagogy or redundance.

KARL KAUTSKY has just written the most complete book about the 4th of August, its background and its consequences for Socialism, which has appeared from the pen of a German émigré. Kautsky was for many decades the mild and fruitful teacher of the International. A hasty compu-

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tation of the pages of his books, pamphlets and articles brings the figure to ten thousand. He was the keeper of the Marxist treasure, who counted the spiritual coins of the master time and again. From 1890 to 1914 Marxism bore Kautsky's imprint; it was the kind of Marxism which was suitable to the afternoons and evenings of an essentially peaceful period. But whenever Kautsky approaches the cardinal problem of politics, Imperialism—the problem which Marx touches upon only briefly—he becomes silent. Kautsky disregards completely those writings of Marxist literature which are important and show independence of thought, such as Hilferding's *Finance Capital*, Lenin's *Imperialism* and Rosa Luxemburg's *Accumulation of Capital*. That is why he could write in this book that the character of the World War was not clear, and that Social Democracy, too, was guilty of certain obscurities in its attitude toward the War. 'Imperialism,' he writes, 'was like colonial policy, not entirely innocent of complicity in the outbreak of the World War. Yet when it broke out colonial conflicts between the colonial Powers did not exist. Everything had been settled by peaceful means.'

The International, Kautsky claims, did not fail; it was not an organization for times of war, but for times of peace. Once the military machine had been unleashed and the hostile armies had clashed, then the question of war and peace no longer existed. The Socialist parties of every country were suddenly confronted with the fearful question of invasion. The beginning and the course of the World War, moreover, left many Socialists somewhat confused. In this respect, Kautsky continues, even the 'grand old men of the movement' were to blame. Even Friedrich Engels and Karl Marx had been confused by their enthusiasm during the wars of their day. And the main point, says Kautsky, is to remain objective during a war, to be cold-blooded. The ideal aim for a Socialist Party during a war is described by Kautsky as follows: 'Under no circumstances should the Party vote unconditionally for or against war credits; it should make its decision dependent on the fulfillment by the Government of certain conditions.'

This thesis, for which Kautsky has pleaded for years, and which he reaffirms in his latest book, was rejected with horrified indignation in the ranks of the more radical Socialists. Rosa Luxemburg maintained that the leadership of the International had thrown Socialism overboard like a badly learned lesson. She stormed 'that under the murderous blows of Imperialist groups the Workers' International, the pride and hope of times past, had ignominiously broken down and that the German section had failed most shamefully.'

In reality the events had taken their course outside the quarreling factions of Socialism. The Workers' International had no more significance during the World War than a poker club. But the individual parties of the International came forward all the more. Their nationalist fervor during the War seemed to stand in direct proportion to the degree of liberty they had enjoyed before the War.

The opinions of the Socialists remained mere memories—Kautsky's as well as those of the Left. Kautsky's, because he believed that keeping cool was the most important thing; and those of the Left, because they wanted to constitute the proletariat as a separate revolutionary 'State within the State.' Without the help of the Socialists, Karl Kautsky rightly declares, the War could not have been waged. Even Bethmann-Hollweg, the former Chancellor, realized this fact. 'Ballin,' Kautsky writes, 'asked Bethmann on the morning of August 4th why he was in such a hurry to mobilize against Russia, whereupon Bethmann answered: "So as not to lose the Socialist Party."'

Thus the revolutionary tradition of the various national groups of the International merely served to deepen the War.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE IDEALISM OF GIOVANNI GENTILE. *By Roger W. Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 264 pages. $3.00.*

PROFESSOR HOLMES has succeeded in the task of exposing very conscientiously and extensively the 'actual idealism' elaborated by Giovanni Gentile, mainly in his *Sistema di Logica come Teoria del Conoscere*, which was published in 1917.

According to Gentile, truth is whatever man thinks, whatever is generated by the act of thinking (*pensiero pensante* or *atto puro*). That, says Gentile, is the only existing reality. Truth, therefore, requires complete moral freedom. But Gentile does not make any distinction between truth and opinion, nor between absolute and relative truth. The consequence is that any opinion or action can be justified in terms of this philosophy. As another Italian philosopher, Adriano Tilgher, has put it: 'By exhibiting your *atto puro* you can be reactionary and conservative, anarchist and retrogressive, according to events and opportunities.'

Professor Holmes points to the lacunae which he has found in Gentile's system and to its weakness, which is also its strength, wherein this actual idealism 'seems to open the way to every kind of impulsive and irrational judgment in the name of truth.' He remains, however, very restrained in his criticism and goes only so far as to wonder what might be the practical consequences of this philosophy. He asks Gentile to clarify his doubts before he can pass final judgment.

Had Professor Holmes studied Gentile's public and political life as closely as he did his theories he would have discovered the answers to his queries in the distressing effects which actual idealism has had upon Gentile himself and upon his country.

Actual idealism with its moral freedom allowed Gentile, who had been a liberal until the March on Rome, to become Secretary of Education in the first Cabinet formed by Mussolini. In 1924, when the foundations of the Fascist régime were rocked by the Matteotti murder, Gentile became anti-Fascist. When the storm abated he was dismissed from his post.

But Fascism needed a philosophy and so Mussolini bought Gentile's wholesale. Its creator joined the Fascist Party; his philosophy of 'pure acts' became that of 'impure acts.' He declared that 'the Fascist bludgeon is an instrument of moral persuasion,' that 'the thinking thought must from time to time be made subservient to superior exigencies.' It was this subserviency which permitted him to hold thirty-three remunerative positions at the same time.

Having degraded himself morally, Gentile developed a strong hatred for those colleagues who maintained their moral dignity. In 1925, in a speech before the Fascist Institute of Culture, he paved the way for the persecution of non-Fascist university professors by recommending 'intransigence' toward them as it is embodied in the Latin motto *Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos*. In an article, *Fascismo e Università*, published in his own review *L'Educazione Fascista*, in which he advocated the suppression of 'thinking thought' in the universities, he suggested that the Fascist oath be imposed upon all teachers. Since the Government was slow in adopting his measures Gentile again suggested, in 1930, in a speech before the Fascist Institute of Culture, that the Government be 'implacable' towards those intellectuals 'who cultivate science with honor.'

Gentile's series of 'impure acts' culminated in the adoption of the law requiring Italian professors to take an oath of allegiance to the Fascist party. This triumph of moral degradation over moral integrity was announced by Gentile himself in the presence of Mussolini on November 21, 1931, in a speech in which he said: 'Thanks to the article of the Royal Decree of last August, the undisciplined intellectual disappears from our universities where he had hitherto found refuge; and peace, so necessary as a condition of work, is restored to our schools.' He made a desert and called it peace.

This is the effect of actual idealism on the Italian intelligentsia. If we add to this the effect it has had on the Italian mind since it was adopted by Fascism as the philosophy of the State—as exemplified by such slogans as 'Believe, Obey;' 'Mussolini is Always

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Right;' 'The State Is Everything'—we can have a clear idea of the moral ravage it has wreaked on the nation as a whole.

Because Professor Holmes has analyzed the theoretical side of Gentile's philosophy with competence, it is sincerely to be hoped that he will some day add to his book another chapter dealing with actual idealism in practice.

—MICHELE CANTARELLA

AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. *By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Random House. 1937. 1250 pages. $5.00.*

A HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING. *By Harry Elmer Barnes. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1937. 434 pages. $3.50.*

ON THE basis of the new historical chronology which symbolizes the entire period of human existence on our planet as a twelve-hour span on a cosmic clock, the seemingly vast epoch of recorded history commenced at about one minute before twelve, noon. Within those sixty Brobdingnagian seconds—culminating in the prelude to the second World War—are contained all the grandeur, pathos, courage, beauty and horror of what most of us know as 'history.' A scant four thousand years of alternating light and shadow in our common human destiny—against a perspective of thirty million years of organic life, of which a cool million pertains to the advent and rise of *homo sapiens*.

With such a picture does Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes open his majestic panorama of man's cultural achievements from the 'pre-literary material culture' of the Stone Age to the Fascist barbarities in Spain. Rounding out the story begun in his *History of the Western World* and continued in his recently published *Economic History of the Western World*, the present massive volume is unquestionably a work of major importance in that 'new history' of which Dr. Barnes has been so devoted—and so prolific—an advocate. As such, and because of the author's emphatic sympathies for all progressive and democratic forces in human affairs, the book deserves a wide circulation.

First, as to its scope. There are six main parts, arranged chronologically from the 'Reign of Supernaturalism' (pre-Hellenic epoch) to 'Contemporary Civilization.' Each part is elaborately subdivided into sections and chapters devoted to one or another aspect of man's striving for intellectual mastery of the material world. We read of Greek philosophy and Roman law, of Medieval theology, Moslem science and Renaissance art. We see the rise of modern ideas following the expansion of Europe into the New World; the conflict of static social forms with the revolutionary forces of tolerance, freedom of thought and civil rights. And, of course, there is the multicolored pageantry of art and literature, with its stately procession of men and women of genius, each contributing a share to the organizing of human knowledge and to the strengthening of human values against a background of shifting struggles for material power between kings and emperors, peoples, nations and classes.

With so huge a canvas no one painter could possibly deal to the satisfaction of all. Dr. Barnes, despite his own great erudition and the assistance of many specialists—particularly in art, literature and music—had perforce to leave out many trees in order that the forest might at least be glimpsed in something of its infinite variety. For him the term 'culture' is largely synonymous with the attitudes and contributions of individual creative spirits, with the emphasis placed on philosophy and the arts. The sections on science are less adequate, although the general trend is well indicated, and the discussion of Moslem contributions is most welcome.

Nevertheless, Dr. Barnes has given us a magnificent outline of man's intellectual achievements; his chapters on 'Tolerance,' 'Freedom of Thought,' and the final summing up, with warnings against the growth of Fascist trends in Spain, and commendation for much of the achievement of the Soviet Union, give to his vast book an invigorating quality.

It is curious to note that, so far as regards the future in America, Dr. Barnes rejects the alternative of Socialism in favor of technocracy, which he considers 'the only program of social and economic reconstruction which is in complete intellectual and technical accord with the age in which we live.' How this 'program' can be implemented without the aid of some form of collective political action (and what else is Socialism?) he does not make clear.

Extensive bibliographies, together with the many fine illustrations and a comprehensive

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35-page index and glossary make the book ideal for reference.

In *A History of Historical Writing* Dr. Barnes's preoccupation with the science and art of history assumes the cap and gown of the scholar. What we have, in effect, is the first comprehensive study in the English language of the men, methods and movements behind the enormous archives of historical writing from the 'Turin Papyrus,' which listed the reigns of Egyptian Pharaohs, to the dynamic interpretative work of Robinson, Beard, Turner, Taggart, Preserved Smith, Becker and a veritable rout of 'moderns' from virtually every country in the world—excepting those of the Far East, which is deliberately passed over.

The volume, which is fortified by all the devices of the specialist, may be read in two ways. First, as a sort of magnified annotated reading list of all the major, and most of the minor, sources for our knowledge of human history in the western world. With the aid of an extremely detailed Index it is possible for the student to check on hundreds of names; to inform himself of the dates, titles, principal works, methods and general attitude of historians as far removed in time as Herodotus and James T. Shotwell, with whose excellent *Introduction to the History of History* Dr. Barnes is well acquainted.

Secondly, we may read this monograph as an analytical survey of the innumerable ways in which the human intellect has approached the question of social development. It is indeed a far cry from the excessively stylized dramatizations of Thucydides to the humanitarian fervor of Rousseau, the caustic wit of Voltaire, the stateliness of Gibbon and the revolutionary passion of Karl Marx. Behind each of these attitudes is a world in process of change, and it has been Dr. Barnes's purpose to relate the writing of history to the intellectual and social climate of the historian.

For the contemporary period our author sees certain dangers, of which mysticism, quasi-theological absolutism and Fascist demagogy are among the more threatening. He also regards current 'Left-wing' historical writing as subject to an excessive and uncritical application of Marxist principles—although it is unlikely that this attitude of 'worship' is solely responsible for the belligerent attack on other historical methods deplored by Dr. Barnes. If, today, history has become 'merely an adjunct of social propaganda,' that is due far less to the improper use of Marxist ideas by a handful of intellectuals than to the barbarous misuse of social forces and potentialities by a reactionary class in open opposition to all forms of human progress. History cannot remain passive in an epoch of profound social disturbances: it must fight to survive, and to fight it must take sides.

—Harold Ward

Dictators and Democracies. *By Calvin B. Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 110 pages. $1.50.*

STUDENTS of present-day dictatorships are already deeply in debt to Dr. Hoover for his previous books, *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* and *Germany Enters the Third Reich.* In both of these he made a thorough economic analysis on the spot and managed to convey a sense of the general social atmosphere. To those who enjoyed reading them, however, the present work will be somewhat disappointing.

Prophecy is always dangerous. Dr. Hoover should have been too wary to plunge so wholeheartedly into the shoals and eddies of possible alignments in future international politics. Also, in discussing a British-French-Soviet-Czech combination, he writes: 'It would be most difficult to obtain popular support in Great Britain for such a war.' This thought is not helpful; it is almost meaningless. For in Britain, as in most other countries, 'popular support' is very adequately under the control of the ruling groups.

It was inevitable that he should say much that is informative on totalitarian States, whether Fascist, Nazi or Soviet. After analyzing their differences, particularly in origin, he outlines their similarities, especially in trend. Despite the scorn of theory-hypnotized disciples on both sides for alleged 'similarities,' practical observers in Germany and Russia early visualized the possibility of their developing along parallel lines. Much blood has flowed under the executioner's weapon since the establishment of these two paradises, one for capitalists, the other for workers. I wish it were possible for Dr. Hoover to have leisure to produce a detailed study of their growing likeness in economic structure. It would be the third book for which we have been waiting.

Dr. Hoover's discussion of the possibility of combining any sort of centralized planning

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with the institutions of parliamentary democracy seems to have been colored by his experiences with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. As one who shared a part of his Washington days and exchanged conclusions with him at the time, I cannot but agree with his pessimism. It certainly does seem that democracy raises unsurmountable obstacles to a centrally-directed economy.

Yet try we must to harness direction and democracy. America can have no 'safe-conduct' into the future.

— MICHAEL ROSS

THE SHANGHAI PROBLEM. *By William C. Johnstone, Jr. Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press. 1937. 326 pages. $3.00.*

JAPANESE conquest has now engulfed Shanghai, China's largest port, and Japanese troops have this metropolitan city in a tight grip from their barracks, strategically located near the Hongkow and the Jessfield Parks. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that the Japanese are planning to develop a new shipping center at Woosung, thus obviating the necessity of sailing up the Whangpoo River and reducing both the International Settlement and the French Concession to deserted emporiums. Shanghai, in the words of Sir Arthur Willert, formerly chief of the Press Department of the British Foreign Office, has been turned into an impotent island of frightened foreign business men surrounded by a sea of chaos and uncertainties. The present situation was more or less predicted by Professor Johnstone over a year ago when he wrote in the concluding paragraphs of his book: 'There is no doubt that Japan intends to pursue her course in China with little regard for the interests of the other Treaty Powers and to take full advantage of their occupation with European questions. . . . With Japan on the move in China . . . it must be re-emphasized that the future of the Shanghai problem rests with Japan.'

The topic of Shanghai is a timely one, but the general public still requires a brief sketch of its background, and such a survey our author has done very well. Though without adequate explanation for 'the opening of Shanghai,' with which the British desire of maintaining the tea trade had much to do, he has given a lucid account of the land regulations of 1854 and their revision fifteen years later.

Though he has not given the fundamental reason for the establishment of extraterritoriality, a reason closely related to the general economic urge for furthering capitalism in China, he has described in a scholarly fashion the whole skeleton of the administration of extra-territorial rights. Except that the mutual jealousy and constant conflict between the foreign Powers in Shanghai have not received due attention, Professor Johnstone has given the true story of the Shanghai Municipal Council's civil administration and organization for military defense.

—CHEN HAN-SENG

THE INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN RACIAL POLICIES. *By Oscar I. Janowsky and Melvin M. Fagan. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 266 pages. $2.00.*

THE authors have carefully collected evidence to show that the German National Socialist racial policies infringe international law in many respects. They infringe it by disregarding the principles of human liberty and decency, on behalf of which the United States and other nations have often made official representations to offending governments, *e.g.*, on behalf of the Jews in Tsarist Russia and in Rumania. They have also flagrantly infringed international law by procuring the assassination or kidnaping of Germans on foreign soil, as in the cases of Professor Lessing, Berthold Jacob and seven other individuals, under circumstances which are here set forth. The German persecution of 'non-Aryans' and the consequent mass emigration of these unfortunates likewise causes a very serious international problem to which other countries cannot be indifferent.

To substantiate their findings the authors conveniently reprint in an appendix the eloquent facts set forth in Mr. J. G. McDonald's famous 'Letter of Resignation' of December, 1935. They also reprint the petition on behalf of German Jews which was presented to the League of Nations on September 30, 1936, but which failed to secure action. As the book more than once points out, the persistent attacks on 'non-Aryans' threatens not merely persons of Jewish blood; 'The jailing of Protestant ministers and Catholic priests, the suppression of liberal and democratic thought

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and free scientific inquiry, as well as the utter disregard of the rights and sensibilities of other nations, are the natural correlatives of the dogma of racial superiority.'

—SIDNEY B. FAY

THE SONG OF THE WORLD. *By Jean Giono. Translated by Henri Fluchere and Geoffrey Myers. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 312 pages. $2.50.*

OF THIS novel Jean Giono wrote: 'I have tried to make a story of adventure in which there should be absolutely nothing "timely." I wanted to make a book with new mountains, a new river, a country, forest, snow and men all new.' In these aims M. Giono has altogether succeeded. He yields scarcely a hint from first chapter to last as to the period wherein his story lies. Rigidly he confines his narrative to 'fundamentals'—the soil, the emotions—minus virtually all the trappings that define a century or age. An occasional gun is fired. A blaze is kindled with gasoline. Little else lies within three hundred and twelve vivid pages to indicate that the action of this novel took place less than three hundred years in the past.

In attaining his first end, M. Giono has achieved his second also: to create a fresh new land, new mountains, new forests, new men. His tale is imbued with unique freshness of imagery, atmosphere and phrase that elevate it to a category of its own. His talents of metaphor and simile are incomparable. On the first page he envisages birds swooping down into the trees 'all together, like a net thrown into the water.' A few pages later: 'The water swirled around his legs and began to flap like a long weed.' And again: '. . . slight patterings of leaves scampered away like rats.' And near the end there are crescendos of such powerful rhetoric as:—

'The glaciers were melting. They had only small, slender tongues between the grooves of rocks; the mountains, covered with waterfalls, rumbled like drums. There were no longer any tiny brooks, but muscular torrents with terrible loins, which carried away ice-blocks and rocks, bounded above the fir trees, shining and steaming all over with foam underneath their deep banks, and swept away tatters of forest.'

With a poet's love of the sensuous, M. Giono has solidified his world with an abundance of sounds, pictures, smells and tactile sensations. But his novel is not all poetry. Threading through it is a story as strange and exciting as the language in which it is told. As the author intended, it has no relation to the realities which concern most writers today. It reverts to the picaresque. Its elements are love, revenge, loyalty, hatred—all cleverly woven into curious new narrative patterns.

M. Giono is reported to be well pleased with this translation by Messrs. Fluchere and Myers. They have reproduced admirably the author's difficult combination of idiomatic peasant dialect and singing descriptive prose. To them much credit is due for beautifully transmitting to English readers a very beautiful book.

—LINCOLN BARNETT

HATH NOT THE POTTER. *By Maxence van der Meersch. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 273 pages. $2.50.*

THE AUTHOR of *Invasion* now abandons the story of the German occupation of Northern France in favor of the more conventional theme of romantic love laid in peace time on the Belgian side of the border. His new novel retains all the unfamiliar charm of the old locale where different national types of men and women meet at a common border and where the grime of industrialism merges with the quiet landscape of windmills and peasant farms. But the story of unrequited love that fits so neatly into the idyllic melancholy of such a setting has no social reverberations. It is a pretty revision, in all likelihood, of the later life of the novelist Zola. One of the most famous writers of Belgium, a man of exceptional virility, has long been married to a woman who worships him but has not given him a child. He falls in love with a peasant girl who satisfies his demand, but he is murdered on the farm where they live together by her husband, who is a brutal, illiterate smuggler. The writer's wife inherits his fortune. His mistress, forced to work in a factory, leaves the child with a peasant family. But the wife loves her husband's child, and in the end wins from its impoverished mother the gratification of supporting it. Obviously, a story which keeps so successfully on the level of pathos and away from the intensity of conflicting wills has also succeeded in freeing its author from the suspicion of being his own hero.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

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WORLD TRADE

FEW ECHOES of the terrific battle now going on behind the scenes over the projected Anglo-American trade agreement have reached the public; nevertheless, many important interests in each country fear that they will be sacrificed. In Great Britain, they are bringing their utmost pressure to bear on Members of Parliament, the Board of Trade and the Government; in the United States, on Congressmen, the Department of Commerce, the Federal Tariff Commission and the State Department. Almost everybody is agreed upon the general principle that a greater volume of trade between the two countries, even if their import-export ratios remain unchanged, would redound to the benefit of both and to world trade generally. But if this is to be done, some British and some American tariffs must be lowered, and hence, certain industries in each country will be hard hit by the competition of the favored foreign goods.

Rumors that among American concessions to Great Britain will be a lower tariff on textiles has caused consternation among American woolen manufacturers. But anxiety and consternation are not confined to American industry. In mid-December, the Federation of British Industries issued a statement on its attitude toward the projected treaty. According to this statement it was claimed that if the industries which had formulated long-range plans on the basis of protection were obliged to adjust themselves to different conditions, 'very serious damage to British internal economy would result.' It concluded with a request that no agreement should be made 'which failed to provide such a measure of flexibility as would permit of its modification, or even termination, at short notice.' In the view of the London *Economist*, which favors the treaty, 'flexibility,' as used by the F.B.I., means the reservation of the right to make frequent *increases* in the British tariff.

The Federation's statement further alleged that the United States is seeking opportunities to dispose of her surplus production of industrial goods 'at whatever prices may be necessary to surmount the tariff barriers of other countries,' and that the encouraging of such dumping is 'one of the principal declared objectives of Mr. Cordell Hull's trade agreement policy.'

This, of course, is a fallacious argument on its face, since dumping cannot be stopped by the mere maintenance of present rates if price is no object. The statement further charges that the United States 'continues to demand gold instead of goods to pay for her exports,' and that 'the United States sells to us 2½ to 3 times more than she buys from us.' These charges, like the first, cannot be substantiated if the total visible and invisible trade between the countries is taken into account.

Apart from these mistakes in fact, the *Economist* finds the Federation's case logically impeccable. It observes: 'The Import Duties Act of 1932 declared Protection to be the policy of Great Britain. Moreover, it was protection of a particular sort, with each industry invited to apply to the Import Duties Advisory Committee for its own individual made-to-measure protective duty. How could the Advisory Committee, instructed to consider each industry separately, possibly justify a rate of duty which, however high it might be, was nevertheless not high enough to keep in existence an established British industry? It is all in the logic of protection. If the conclusion of an Anglo-American Trade Agreement involves the reduction of protection and the impairment of profits to any British industry, however small, the Federation of

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British Industries is quite correct in pointing out that it is contrary to the policy of the Import Duties Act.'

The *Economist* says in conclusion that the Federation must not be blamed 'for so blatantly putting its own interests before those of the community as a whole, for it is the Government that has taught them to be selfish. It would be impossible to imagine an act of commercial policy for which so many potent reasons of public interest plead as the projected Anglo-American treaty. The F.B.I., in the interests of its constituent firms, imposes its veto. The successful conclusion of the treaty thus becomes as important for the internal economic democracy of Great Britain as it is for its external relations. By whom are we ruled in economic matters? By the interests of the whole nation, or by those of the protected industries? This is the issue, in its clearest form, that the Federation of British Industries has raised.'

THAT there has been a decline in international trade is not news, of course, but a number of indices now reveal the extent of the trend. The League of Nations Index of World Trade, for example, reveals a fall from 100 (1929 = 100) in the second quarter to 97.1 in the third quarter. World industrial production, exclusive of the U.S.S.R., fell, according to another League index, from 106.8 (1929 = 100) in May, to 101.4 in September. Perhaps even more important is the rise in the League index of world stocks of twelve industrial raw materials from 83.3 (1929 = 100) at the end of June, to 101.5 at the end of September. Of similar significance is the *Economist* index of shipping freight rates, which shows a decline of 10.7 per cent in November, on top of a 3.6 per cent drop during September and October.

FOREIGN BOYCOTTS and the refusal of dockers in certain foreign ports to handle Japanese goods have failed rather surprisingly to affect Japanese trade figures, according to the *Japan Chronicle*, in its Weekly Commercial Supplement of December 16th. While the figures actually revealed a slight increase in November, it was confined solely to values. 'Quantitatively there is a slight fall, which means that Japan is really earning less than last year, since the higher prices are the result of more being paid for the materials used in manufacture.'

This would not be serious, adds the *Chronicle*, 'were it not for the suspicion that boycott agitation abroad will presently be capitalized for the purpose of securing yet a little more protection for industries which have felt the pinch of Japanese competition. The danger, it seems to us, is very real despite the new feeling both in Europe and America that the time has come for a world-wide lowering of trade barriers. While these restrictions to international trade on the whole may be modified in the interests of general recovery, it would seem not unlikely that they will be modified in such a manner as to discriminate effectively against countries in the low wage group, and against countries whose international policies are not in favor. In both cases Japan would be a victim.'

SO GREAT has been Italy's depletion of her foreign exchange reserves to meet her rising import surplus that experts in the City of London believe that Premier Mussolini will again devalue the lira as soon as he thinks it politically possible. It is held that the lira, nominally at 95 to the pound and 19 to the dollar, is seriously overvalued and hampers Italian exports.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

DURING DECEMBER and early January many of the organizations whose activities are reported on this page were primarily concerned with pressing for the adoption of the Ludlow War Referendum Bill. The fate of that measure will have been decided by the time this issue reaches its readers. The peace organizations can then be expected to shift their attacks to two other fronts in their programs: opposition to more naval building and insistence upon the invocation of the Neutrality Act.

It is significant, however, that in some of the peace groups there is a growing feeling that the United States must be willing to coöperate with the other democracies in employing economic power to make aggressive nations keep the peace. A spokesman for this viewpoint is Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who has played an important rôle in the National Peace Campaign. In an address which was read at the annual dinner of Pi Gamma Mu, national social science society, on December 28th, he said: 'Democracies cannot act or speak with sufficient force and firmness until they speak together. . . . International outlawry can be stopped by determined public opinion backed by economic moves, such as cutting off of war supplies and credit from an aggressor nation. If these don't work, then as a last resort a complete boycott of the aggressor nation would be more destructive to that nation than war.'

AT ITS semi-annual meeting in New York on December 13th, the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace adopted the following resolution, which deserves the serious attention of everyone who is interested in the foreign policy of the United States:—

'At a moment when the force and power of treaty obligations between nations are being broadly challenged, the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace wish to record their conviction that there is no path to permanent peace, no hope for the reign of law and order in international affairs, save by an insistence upon the observance by nations of the solemn covenants they have made. They hold that a world in which no distinction is made between those who keep their word and those who break it, between those who seek to live at peace with their neighbors and those who commit acts of obvious aggression, is a world foredoomed to anarchy and the rule of the sword alone. In such a world no nation, great or small, on whatever continent—our own included—can hope to be at rest.

'They believe these principles to be of vital concern to the future welfare of America and declare that she cannot, if she would, divest herself of responsibility for their maintenance and defense.'

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) reports that Thomas A. Bisson, Far Eastern expert on its research staff, has just returned after spending a year studying conditions at first hand in Japan and China.

IN RECENT REPORTS of its impartial relief work in Loyalist and Insurgent territory in Spain, the American Friends Service Committee (20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.) stresses especially the need for clothing and shoes, cod-liver oil and milk powder. It urges that new and good used clothing and shoes be sent directly to its Storeroom, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

many, Jean Rives wrote for the Paris weekly, *Lumière*, a series of descriptions which he called 'Hidden Germany'—Germany as seen in the lives of her children of every class and position. He took his characters from life, only changing their names. As our story for this month, we have translated the first of the series, dealing with 'Storm Trooper Tempel' and his unexpected ordeal. [p. 503]

SAKUTARO TACHI, author of 'The Monroe Doctrine of Injustice,' is Japan's most eminent authority on international law. Mr. Tachi was legal adviser to the Japanese Delegation at the Paris Peace Conference and to his country's delegation to the Washington Naval Disarmament Conference. His views will be of interest, and of some concern, to American readers largely because of the implications that can be drawn from his many-sided attack on the Monroe Doctrine. [p. 515]

THE principal developments of the Sino-Japanese War are now so thoroughly covered by the daily press that we have abandoned the battle-field and the bourse and turned this month to 'Sidelights on China.' In this group of three articles there is first a vivid description of the teeming life on the Yangtze, China's 'River of Destiny,' by Campbell Dixon, a British correspondent in the Far East. [p. 522] Hubert Freyn, a Red Cross official at Shanghai, next writes on the renewal of the 'one for all and all for one' tradition of the Chinese family in the face of the present disasters. [p. 525] The third article is a statement of what is known about 'China's Unknown Rulers,' the mysterious but powerful group called the 'Triad,' by David Yeo. [p. 527]

RECENT American visitors to Paris have undoubtedly noticed the disappearance, or complete modernization, of the famous old cafés. In the article '*Adieu au Café Intime*,' the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* describes this change and the change in Parisian habits which lies behind it. [p. 529]

W. H. AUDEN, the noted English poet, who counts among his *opera* collections of poems entitled *The Dance of Death* (1933), *The Dog Beneath the Skin* (1935) and *Letters from Iceland* (1937), takes up his pen 'In Defense of Gossip,' and stoutly claims that it is not a vice but a creative art. [p. 534]

NONE of the 'Persons' whose careers are sketched this month is well-known, but all of them are of consequence. The first is Geoffrey Dawson, *né* Robinson, editor of 'The Thunderer,' as the London *Times* used to be called [p. 508]; next is Paul Emile Janson, the Liberal Premier of Belgium, who recently assumed the thankless task of trying to hold the three-party Coalition Government together [p. 509]; third is Denis Michael Corrigan, the 'Corrigan' of Liam O'Flaherty's *The Informer*, who, according to the writer in *Œuvre*, has become Sir Basil Zaharoff's chief successor as a 'Merchant of Death' [p. 511]; last is Walther Funk, Dr. Schacht's successor at the Reich Ministry of Economics. [p. 513]

IN OUR 'Letters and the Arts' Department this month, Lenin's widow appraises various personifications of her husband on the Soviet stage [p. 539]; a French writer gives an acid evaluation of the Goncourt Award, which, he says, has degenerated into a mere advertising device [p. 540]; and Clive Bell, the well-known art critic, writes about Sickert, England's foremost painter. [p. 542]

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